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# HISTORICAL

AND

# BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES,

## SKETCHES, ANECDOTES, ETC.

COMPILED BY

JAMES J. TREACY

SECOND EDITION.

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TO MAURICE F. EGAN, ESQ.

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BY HIS FRIEND THE COMPILER.

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# INTRODUCTION.

"Hæc a quovis alio quam a me, colligi velim; a me, potius quam a nemine."

THE fact that the present volume consists of pieces calculated both to instruct and to edify, and which are not readily accessible to the general reader, sufficiently justifies its publication.

It must certainly afford the utmost gratification to the devout Catholic to find here so many corroborations (though of an inferior kind) of the proofs of the divine character of his Holy Mother the Church. Here will be found the constancy of the martyrs who generously poured out their blood for Christ, and thus served as a seed which through God's blessing fructified and produced a hundred fold of new Christians. Here the reader beholds the Church which had been established in the blood of the Son of God amid the gloom and horrors of Calvary, and which had been confined in the catacombs, emerge like its Divine Founder, from its subterranean abode and break upon the world of Constantine in the radiance of a glorious resurrection. Also the saints of God, those oases in the desert of humanity, who, so admirable in their chastity, their benevolence, and their charity,

have adorned every rank and condition of life, serving their Master by succoring the widow and the orphan and all on whom misfortune had fallen, they passed along as delightful sunshine cheering and consoling all whom they met in their blessed progress, despising the dangers of the ocean, the horrors of the pestilence, the perils of the battle-field, that they might faithfully accomplish the grand work of their Divine Lord.

Here, too, he will see how the most mighty monarchs of the earth either bowed down dutifully before the Church's authority, or by their rebellion against it became the objects of divine vengeance and furnished terrific instances of exemplary punishment.

The infidel philosophers of France who pretended forsooth! to be *plus sage que les sages*—those architects of ruin who in their insane career having overturned the edifice of social order, and rudely wrenched themselves from the holy and sanctified associations of the most glorious epoch of their national history, discovered that their boasted philosophy was but a pestilential vapor, which, although it could not drive God from His creation, could in its fatal gloom hide from His presumptuous and unbelieving creatures the light and glory of His celestial countenance. Here, too, Ireland, the Niobe of nations, stands before him in her present deplorable condition, and recalls the time when she was the island of saints and sages, when Western Europe flew thither to kindle at the fires that blazed in her monasteries the dying torch of learning. We cannot but regret that she is subject to England—to cold, heartless, tyrannical, cruel England. The mask of philanthropy, which England had so long worn, has been rudely torn away,

and now divested of her disguise she appears in all the hideousness of her native cruelty. With a great parade of mock benevolence, she would have the world believe that she was the patroness—the benefactress of Ireland, consoling her in her afflictions, alleviating her suffering, and strenuously striving to ameliorate her sad condition; while in reality she was wringing from Ireland the capital that should afford employment to an industrious people; she was cramping her energies, and by a diabolical ingenuity producing the terrible results of artificial famine.

It would not be difficult for a sagacious political philosopher, like the illustrious Irishman, Edmund Burke, with the data of history before him, to prognosticate the tremendous retribution which a just Providence will inevitably inflict on England for her criminal culpability in the government of Ireland; nor would it be hard for Burke to say when and how the poisoned cup which England has so long compelled Ireland to partake of, shall be returned at length in a just circulation to her own lips.

"—nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it, too!"

Ireland conscious of the hollowness and falsity of English professions, has turned her back upon her perfidious neighbor, and addressed her prayers for succor to the large-hearted American nation, who have responded in the most munificent fashion, surpassing even their characteristic generosity.

Yes! the country of Washington, the States for whose independence the Irish fought against the British

oppressor, has kindly hearkened to the sorrowful voice of Ireland, and tenderly and charitably stretched out her great arm over the broad Atlantic to relieve her sister in distress.

May the Almighty bless America! and may the union now so happily subsisting between Ireland and America become cemented in the bonds of a closer and more affectionate connexion; may the hour speedily arrive when side by side with the Stars and Stripes of Columbia shall be seen the *Green* Flag of *Free Erin* proudly flying to the breeze of heaven, and may the two nations united in feeling become also united in the faith of God, who has called His children out of the darkness of unbelief into the admirable light of His divine revelation.

J. J. T.

*Philadelphia, St. Patrick's Day*, 1880.

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# HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES, SKETCHES, ANECDOTES, ETC.

## THE GOD OF FORMER TIMES.

### A CAPTIVE POPE.

In the year 1813 a page, richly dressed, stood in an apartment in the Imperial Castle of Fontainebleau. He was a handsome youth of about fifteen years of age, a descendant of the old Counts de Réttrel. He was in the service of Napoleon I., and thus often had the honor of approaching the master of the world.

But the countenance of the young man is shaded by an expression of pity and sadness. Tears are in his eyes, but by no word or movement does he betray the agitation of his heart. He remains upright and immovable as a soldier of the old guard.

His sorrow is evidently caused by the fate of a venerable old man who is resting in an arm-chair in the next room, for Joseph de Réttrel keeps his eyes continually directed to the half-opened door.

This old man wears a white cassock, and carries no external signs of dignity; his dress even looks poor in the sumptuous imperial apartment. His noble features bear the traces of deep sorrow, his face is pale and thin; grief has furrowed his cheeks and sunk his eyes; but a sweet serenity overspreads his face, and it is the holy resignation of this martyr which touches the heart of the susceptible Joseph.

The old man seems to be in prayer; his clasped hands rest upon his breast, his head is slightly bent; and from the occasional illumination of his countenance he evidently feels the presence of the Most High.

To the young page the apartment became a sacred place; he was filled with respectful admiration, and he looked with a holy amazement at the Head of the Church, the Vicar of Jesus Christ; for this old man is Pope Pius VII. who has for four years been the prisoner of Napoleon I.

Suddenly the sound of arms is heard; the noise approaches; a door opens; short steps glide over the carpet; and a man, in the brilliant uniform of a Marshal of France, enters the room, but stops at the sight of the Pope in prayer.

This man is of low stature, his head is covered with black hair, his complexion is bronzed by the sun; his features are fine and regular, his chin projects—that mark of an iron will.

There is about him a look of singular power—imperious and penetrating; in a word, the look of the conqueror of Europe, Napoleon I.

After a rapid glance, Napoleon walked up to his august prisoner. Pius VII. raised his venerable head, and viewed his oppressor with a smile. The page had placed a chair for the Emperor.

"Pardon me, Holy Father, if I disturb your pious meditations," said Bonaparte, with a slight inclination of the head, "but the matter presses. There must be peace between the Emperor and the Pope. Do you find upon reflection that my proposal of yesterday is in accordance with your interests?"

"With my personal interests, quite; but not with the duties of the Pope," replied Pius VII. "You put an end to the hard captivity I have endured for four years; you secure to the Pope an annual income of two millions of francs. Very well! But you do not restore the patrimony of St. Peter: you retain Rome; you retain all the States of the Church. I cannot consent to this spoliation. When Providence called me, in spite of my indignity, to become the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth, I took the oath taken by all Popes, that I would never consent to the spoli-

ation of the patrimony of St. Peter. I had rather die in captivity than break my oath and burden my conscience with such a crime!"

"And I," replied the Emperor, haughtily, "I will never restore what I have conquered by force of arms. You ought not to be ungrateful," he continued, in a reproachful tone. "The Revolution destroyed religion in France, the priests were driven away, or guillotined, the bishops' sees were abolished, the churches were devastated. I have restored all. Dioceses again have their bishops, parishes their clergy. The Church owes her restoration in France to me alone, and it is to me, the saviour and protector of religion, that the Pope now refuses his confidence. Such conduct is imprudent, ungrateful," added the all-powerful monarch, with a threatening look.

The august prisoner looked calmly at the pitiless soldier, then, while a gentle light shone from his eyes,

"God only considers the intention, sire," he said, with grave dignity. "If it is for the love of truth and in obedience to the Almighty that you have re-established religion in France, the Lord will reward you. If you have carried out the designs of Providence without intending it, and of your own will, the Eternal owes you nothing."

"The language of your Holiness is not clear. May I ask you to be more precise."

"My frankness will wound your Majesty," replied Pius, "but you have a right to ask for truth from the Pope; and it is the duty of the Vicar of Christ, even when in chains and threatened with death, to fulfil his noble mission, which is to save souls and proclaim the truth."

He was silent for a few minutes. He was evidently seeking for the form in which he could best speak the truth to the proud and often passionate Emperor.

Napoleon impatiently beat with his fingers the arms of the chair in which he sat. His eyes were fixed on the timid old man.

The page in the ante-room listened with deep interest to a dialogue which remained deeply graven on his memory.

"Your Holiness feels, however, some repugnance to communicating this precious truth to the Emperor," Napoleon exclaimed at last, in an impatient manner.

"Here it is in a few words," replied the Pope. "Your Majesty is not ignorant of the causes of the Revolution, which has covered France with ruin. Things have but followed their natural course. For ninety years, an infidel philosophy, combined with atheistic science and a bad press, for the overthrow of social order. Religion was laughed at and given up to ridicule, and soon the seeds which had been sown in the hearts of the people began to produce fruit. The corruption

of morals, which began in the upper classes, descended to the lower. When France had thus turned away from Him who is the Master of Right, when she ceased to acknowledge God, the most terrible of Revolutions broke out. Order disappeared, the most horrible crimes were committed, neither life, property, nor honor were respected, all became the prey of beings unworthy of the name of men. Then your Majesty appeared, richly endowed by God with strength and intellect. You restored order; and because, sire, you acknowledge that religion is the foundation of order, that without submission to the Divine Will a social constitution cannot be maintained—you have recalled the priests from exile, and caused the Gospel of salvation to be again preached to degenerate France. Your Majesty employed a really prudent policy when you re-established the Church in France as the basis of a social order."

"Now I understand your Holiness," cried the Emperor, smiling. "My conduct was merely inspired by political calculations, apart from any religious considerations. I am not to expect any reward from heaven because I have acted not for God, but only for the Emperor. Yes," continued Napoleon, in a serious tone, "there must be a religion; to govern a people without religion is absolutely impossible. I will never permit Christian morals to be publicly outraged, and no wise statesman will ever permit it. He who allows the

Christian convictions of a people to be undermined, will one day see the social edifice fall upon his head. Why then does your Holiness hesitate to conclude an alliance with the protector of religion?"

"Because you exact from the Pope an act against religion at the very moment when you profess to be its protector," replied the Pope.

"I cannot take your view," said Napoleon. "The temporal sovereignty of the Pope is not an article of faith. On the contrary, it seems to me an obstacle to his completely fulfilling his spiritual mission. Renounce this sovereignty. Live free from all the cares of government under the protecting wings of the imperial Eagle."

"Free in the talons of an eagle, sire?" said the prisoner, with a mournful smile. "To fulfil all his duties the Head of the Church must be independent. The Pope cannot be the subject of any monarch who might abuse his superiority and make use of the dependence of the Vicar of Christ for his own political purposes. Therefore did it please Providence to found the States of the Church."

"It is really singular," said Bonaparte, a slight irony in his tone, "all the princes of Europe obey a sign of my will; every nation bows before my victorious arms, and an old man, my prisoner, is the only person who rejects my friendship."

"Sire, pardon me. I, your old prisoner, could but be flattered by the friendship of the Emperor; but the Pope is forced to tell you that what you ask is unjust, and doubly unjust because you exact that he who is the supreme guardian of Christian faith and morals should approve and confirm your spoliation."

"Splendid! admirable!" said the angry monarch. "The Vicar of Christ alone would permit himself thus to insult the Emperor to his face."

"I am truly grieved, Sire, that you look upon what is simply the truth as an insult."

"Better and better!" cried the master of Europe rising from his chair in great wrath. "We will leave this matter alone. You disdain my friendship—you shall feel my enmity."

"Sire," replied the Pope, with resignation, "I place your threats at the foot of the Crucifix, and I leave it to God to avenge my cause, for it is His."

"Chimeras!" replied the Emperor, with an air of contempt. "The God, whose cause you defend, is only a monstrous product of superstition and dreams."

"Stop, Sire," interrupted the Pope raising his hand, "the God of former time still is."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He who has said 'the heaven is my throne, and the earth my footstool,' is here present. He hears your blasphemies."

"No sermons! Monsieur le Pape," cried Napoleon. "What do you mean by those words, 'the God of former days still is?' Is it a threat?"

"Yes, a paternal warning, prompted by affection."

"You, no doubt, mean by that that the God of former times may execute the sentence of excommunication which your Holiness has launched against me."

"The sentence was pronounced according to the canons of the Church, against Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor of the French, a spoiler of the Holy See. Before God, Sire, all men are equal; princes, like others, are bound to observe the divine laws."

Napoleon laughed in a strange way. He walked up and down the room with his sword clanking. "Ah! to say that—to me—the Vicar of Christ takes a liberty."

"Performs a *duty*," replied the Pope. "Who is to remind the great ones of the earth of their duty, if it is not the Pope?"

"Enough! enough!" cried Bonaparte, "you mistake the century; we are no longer in the middle ages."

He walked up and down the room; he was greatly troubled.

"'The God of former times still is,' did you say? What do you hope from this old divinity."

"I know that this faithful and almighty God keeps His promises."

"And what has this faithful and almighty God promised you?" asked the Emperor ironically.

"He has promised to His Church to protect her against all her enemies, and to maintain her till the end of time."

"These are great promises. We shall see. Well, as for me, I am not satisfied either with the Pope or with the Church, or with this God of former times. Perhaps I shall found of my own private authority a State Religion, which shall not have the Vicar of Christ for its head, but the Emperor."

"You exaggerate your power, Sire."

"I am all-powerful in Europe," cried the conqueror of nations, with pride. "It is only the obstinacy of one old man, who calls himself the Vicar of Christ, that I cannot overcome. Very well, let him die inflexible, in captivity."

The Pope rose with a threatening look. A holy indignation animated his venerable features. "Sire, permit me to unfold some pages of history, and exhibit to you the power which will subdue you."

The Emperor was struck at the sight of the old man, who stood before him like a prophet of the ancient law. His eyes were cast on the ground.

"Speak, I hear you," he said.

"You threaten that the Pope will die in captiv-

ity, that you will persecute, annihilate the Church, that you will substitute a State religion more docile to your will. What you desire, monarchs more powerful than you are have attempted in vain. What did the emperors of Rome effect by their persecutions, by the immolation of twelve millions of martyrs? Exactly the contrary of what they intended. Persecution was merely a hurricane which carried the seed of the divine word into the most distant countries, and the blood of the martyrs created more Christians. Whence arose this strange phenomenon? Simply from this; that the same God of former times, of whom your Majesty makes a mock, kept the word He has given to His Church to defend her against the powers of hell. The Roman Emperors have perished, but the Church still stands. Turn over some later pages of history. Even in the middle ages more than one emperor raised his powerful hand against the Pope; the Church and her head were subjected to terrible attacks. But the arm of God protected the Church and destroyed her enemies. You yourself dragged my predecessor, Pius V., into captivity, and suffered him to die in prison. You have kept me in prison for four years, I have had to endure sufferings impossible to describe. And yet I live—yet I live to see how the hand of this God of former times will destroy you. Your measure is full, soon you will share the fate of all the persecutors of the Church."

The Pope sank exhausted into his chair. The Emperor stood before him, his arms folded, and contemplating the august old man with a savage look.

The page in the ante-room trembled in every limb. The Holy Father was in his eyes as an apparition from a superior world, and Napoleon, with his terrible and sinister look, as a genius come forth from the abyss.

"This is priestly arrogance carried to the farthest limits," said the master of Europe, in anger. "The God of former times strikes only fools; He has no power over a Cæsar. It is you, Monsieur le Pape, who will be crushed under *my* wrath.'

He turned and left the room in a rage.

The night after this conversation, Napoleon could get no rest. He walked incessantly up and down his room, murmuring unintelligible words. But the page who watched at his door could overhear these exclamations:

"The God of former times destroy me! Me? Oh! I defy the God of former times. I defy the history of the past."

Two years after this the Emperor Napoleon, once the master of the world, was himself a prisoner in St. Helena. This is a desert and inhospitable isle. The shade of a wood is not to be found, and only here and there do cultivated spots occur. Rocks of volcanic origin rise on every side. It is a horrible prison in the midst of the ocean.

Near the sea there is a weeping willow whose drooping branches afford shade to the august prisoner. Here he would be seated for hours looking out over the boundless ocean.

To-day he is more gloomy than usual. General Bertrand, the only friend who voluntarily shares his master's exile, and the young Count-page observed uneasily the sadness of the dethroned monarch.

All at once the Emperor raised his eyes to the young man—

"Joseph, were you not at the castle of Fontainebleau when Pius VII. predicted my destiny?"

"Yes, Sire, I was."

"Do you remember the interview?"

"Yes, Sire; I can never forget it. The Pope in my eyes was not a mere mortal——"

"But?"

"The representative of God upon earth."

"Well said, young man. What, at that time, made me smile, at present appears only too deserving of faith—the representative of God upon earth."

The Emperor was silent, and his eyes again wandered over the sea.

"And do you recollect the words of the Pope?"

"Perfectly, Sire. The Holy Father said:—'The God of former times still is,' then he referred to history, to show that both Christian

and pagan princes had persecuted the Church and the Popes, but that God had destroyed these persecutors, while the Church and the See of Peter continued."

"And then, Joseph—and then——" said Napoleon, as the young man stopped, undecided how to proceed.

"He said that God would destroy your Majesty if you did not cease to oppress the Church, because God has promised to defend His Church and His representative on earth, and He is faithful to His promises."

"Just so!" and the Emperor assented to the exactness of this recital by a movement of the head.

"'Your measure is filled,' said Pius VII., 'soon you will share the fate of all persecutors of the Church.'"

"The Pope was not a false prophet; my sceptre was broken by the All-Powerful, not by man. Madman that I was! Dazzled by the splendor of my success. The history of eighteen centuries ought to have taught me clearly that no power can attack the Rock of Peter without being broken on it. It is true; the God of former times still is, to crush the oppressors of him who represents Him below.

"I do not dispute, Sire," said Bertrand "that the unusual rigor of the winter, which surprised us in Russia, was the immediate order of God, but all was decided at Leipzig."

"God is the arbiter of battles, General," said Napoleon firmly. "This solitude gives me time for reflection. Misfortune has made me more clear-sighted. My defeats, my fall, my captivity, are all the consequences of my enmity against the Head of the Church. Pius VII. is right; it is the Almighty, the Protector of the See of Peter, who has overturned my throne."

Bertrand was silent, and the Emperor returned to his gloomy thoughts.

After a long silence: "In Egypt I proclaimed a God without a Son," he said; "now, I attest the Divinity of Jesus Christ. A Jew, who was looked on as the son of a carpenter, gives Himself out as God, as the greatest of Beings, the Creator of all things. He proves His Divinity by numerous miracles. But, in my eyes, the success of Jesus Christ proves His Divinity more than His miracles. What were the conquests of Alexander the Great compared with those of Christ? Nothing, absolutely nothing, even if Alexander had conquered the world, for his conquests endured not; they passed away. Jesus, on the contrary, conquered, and has attached to Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race. These conquests have been extended for eighteen hundred years, and to all appearance will continue to extend till the end of the world. And what part of a man is it that Jesus Christ conquers? It is the part that it is the most difficult to gain—the

heart: what is often asked for in vain by the wise man of a small number of friends, by the father of his children, by the husband of his wife, by the brother of his brother—the heart, the affections, this is what Jesus has been gaining for eighteen hundred years from millions of men. Is not this a wonder above wonders? Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, with all their genius, have gained nothing like it. They conquered all the world, but they did not succeed in gaining hearts. But the hearts of millions of men have belonged to Christ for eighteen hundred years; millions of men have suffered martyrdom for Him; millions of men accept His yoke with pleasure, and for His sake bear the hardest privations. By this, the greatest of His miracles, we are constrained to acknowledge the Divine Word, the Creator of the world.

"You know, General," continued Napoleon, "I have been able to inspire multitudes to die for me, but for this, my presence, the electricity of my look, my voice, were required; I do not possess the secret of perpetuating my name and affection in the heart. Here I am at St. Helena. Where are my courtiers? Where are my friends? Two or three only, whose fidelity will immortalize them, share my exile. Soon my body will return to earth, and become a prey to worms. What a gulf between this misery and the eternal reign of Christ, preached, loved, adored, throughout the world. He has lived in thousands of hearts,

through thousands of years. That is not death: it is life. The reign of Christ unanswerably proves His divinity, and if Jesus Christ is God, the work which He has founded—His Church—is divine. His Almighty arm will protect her, and no power of hell will prevail against her. Oh, that I could cry to all those who have received power on the earth, 'Respect the representative of Jesus Christ; do not attack, nor oppress the Pope, or you will be crushed by the avenging hand of God, who protects the See of St. Peter.'"

Napoleon was silent. A gust of wind bent the willow, and the ocean's waves, striking the rock, seemed to break forth into sounds of approbation at the words of the Emperor.

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## ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND HIS COMPANIONS.

On the dawn of the day on which, in the year 1534, the Church of Rome celebrated the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, a little company of men, whose vestments bespoke their religious character, emerged in solemn procession from the deep shadows cast by the towers of Notre Dame over the silent city below them. In a silence not less profound, except when broken

by the chant of the matins appropriate to that sacred season, they climbed the Hill of Martyrs, and descended into the Crypt, which then ascertained the spot where the Apostle of France had won the crown of Martyrdom. With a stately though halting gait, as one accustomed to military command, marched at their head a man of bronzed complexion, bald-headed, and of middle stature, who had passed the meridian of life ; his deep-set eyes glowing as with a perennial fire from beneath brows which, had phrenology then been born, she might have portrayed in her loftiest style, but which without her aid, announced a commission from on high to subjugate and to rule mankind. So majestic, indeed, was the aspect of Ignatius Loyola, that during the sixteenth century few if any of the books of his order appeared without the impress of that imperial countenance. Beside him in the chapel of St. Denys knelt another worshipper, whose manly bearing, buoyant step, clear blue eye, and finely-chiselled features, contrasted strangely with the solemnities in which he was engaged. Then in early manhood, Francis Xavier united in his person the dignity befitting his birth as a grandee of Spain, and the grace which should adorn a page of the Queen of Castile and Arragon. Not less incongruous with the scene in which they bore their parts, were the slight forms of the boy Alphonso Salmeron, and of his bosom friend, Jago Laynez, the destined

successor of Ignatius in his spiritual dynasty. With them Nicholas Alphonso Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez—the first a teacher, the second a student of philosophy—prostrated themselves before the altar, where ministered Peter Faber, once a shepherd in the mountains of Savoy, but now a priest in holy orders. By his hands was distributed to his associates the seeming bread, over which he had uttered words of more than miraculous efficacy; and then were lifted up their united voices, uttering, in low but distinct articulation, a vow, at the deep significance of which the nations might have well rejoiced. Never did human lips pronounce a vow more religiously observed, or pregnant with results more momentous.

Descended from an illustrious family, Ignatius had in his youth been a courtier and a cavalier, and if not a poet, at least a cultivator of poetry. At the siege of Pampeluna his leg was broken. Books of knight-errantry relieved the lassitude of sickness, and when these were exhausted, he betook himself to pious books. In the lives of the Saints the disabled soldier discovered a new field of emulation and of glory. Compared with their self-conquest and their high rewards, the achievements and the renown of Roland and of Amadis waxed dim. Compared with the peerless damsels for whose smiles Paladins had fought and died, how transcendently glorious the image of feminine

loveliness and angelic purity which had irradiated the hermit's cell and the path of the wayworn pilgrims! Far as the heavens are above the earth would be the plighted fealty of the knight of the Virgin Mother beyond the noblest devotion of mere human chivalry. Nor were these vows unheeded by her to whom they were addressed. Environed in light, and clasping her infant to her bosom, she revealed herself to the adoring gaze of her champion. He rose, suspended at her shrine his secular weapons, performed there his nocturnal vigils, and with returning day retired to consecrate his future life to the glory of the *Virgo Deipara.*

Standing on the steps of a Dominican church, he recited the office of Our Lady, when suddenly heaven itself was laid open to the eye of the worshipper. That ineffable mystery, which the author of the Athanasian creed has so beautifully enunciated in words, was disclosed to him as an object not of faith but of actual sight. The past ages of the world were rolled back in his presence, and he beheld the material fabric of things rising into being, and perceived the motives which had prompted the exercise of the creative energy. To his spiritualized sense was disclosed the actual process by which the Host is transubstantiated; and the other Christian verities which it is permitted to common men to receive but as exercises of their belief, now be-

came to him the objects of immediate inspection and of direct consciousness. For eight successive days his body reposed in an unbroken trance; while his spirit thus imbibed disclosures for which the tongues of men have no appropriate language.

On his restoration to human society, Ignatius reappeared in the garb, and addressed himself to the occupations of other religious men. The first fruits of his labors was the book of Spiritual Exercises. It was originally written in Spanish, and appeared in a Latin version. By the order of the present Pope, Loyola's manuscript, still remaining in the Vatican, has been again translated. In this new form the book is commended to the devout study of the faithful by a bull of Pope Paul III., and by an Encyclical Epistle from the present General of the Order of Jesus.

From the publication of the "Spiritual Exercises" to the vow of Montmartre, nine years elapsed. They wore away in pilgrimages, in the working of miracles, and in escapes all but miraculous, from dangers which the martial spirit of the saint, no less than his piety, impelled him to incur. In the caverns of Manresa he had vowed to scale the heights of "*perfection*," and it therefore behooved him thus to climb that obstinate eminence, in the path already trodden by all the canonized and beatified heroes of the Church. But he had also vowed to conduct his fellow-pilgrims

from the city of destruction to the land of Beulah. In prison and in shipwreck, fainting with hunger or wasted with disease, his inflexible spirit still meditated over that bright, though as yet shapeless vision; until at length it assumed a coherent form as he knelt on the Mount of Olives, and traced the last indelible foot-print of the ascending Redeemer of mankind. At that hallowed spot had ended the weary way of Him who had bowed the heavens, and came down to execute on earth a mission of unutterable and matchless self-denial; and there was revealed to the prophetic gaze of the future founder of the Order of Jesus, the long line of missionaries who, animated by his example and guided by his instructions, should proclaim that holy Name from the rising to the setting sun. At the mature age of thirty, possessing no language but his own, no science but that of the camp, and no literature beyond the biographies of Saints, he became the self-destined teacher of the future teachers of the world. Hoping against hope, he returned to Barcelona, and there, as the class-fellow of little children, commenced the study of the first rudiments of the Latin tongue.

Of the seven decades of human life, the brightest and the best, in which other men achieve or contend for distinction, was devoted by Ignatius to the studies preparatory to his great undertaking. Grave professors examined him on their

prælections, and, when these were over, he sought the means of subsistence by traversing the Netherlands and England as a beggar. Unheeded and despised as he sat at the feet of the learned, or solicited alms of the rich, he was still maturing in the recesses of his bosom designs more lofty than the highest to which the monarchs of the houses of Valois or of Tudor had ever dared to aspire. In the University of Paris he at length found the means of carrying into effect the cherished purposes of so many years. It was the heroic age of Spain, and the countrymen of Gonsalvo and Cortes lent a willing ear to counsels of daring on any field of adventure, whether secular or spiritual. His companions in study thus became his disciples in religion. Nor were his the commonplace methods of making converts. To the contemplative and the timid, he enjoined hardy exercises of active virtue. To the gay and ardent, he appeared in a spirit still more buoyant than their own. To a debauchee, whom nothing else could move, he presented himself neck-deep in a pool of frozen water, to teach the more impressively the duty of subduing the carnal appetites. Nay, he even engaged at billiards with a joyous lover of the game, on condition that the defeated player should serve his antagonist for a month; and the victorious saint enforced the penalty by consigning his adversary to a month of secluded devotion. Others yielded at once

and without a struggle to the united influence of his sanctity and genius; and it is remarkable that, from these more docile converts, he selected, with but two exceptions, the original members of his infant order. Having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, they all made a vow on the consecrated Host in the Crypt of St. Denys, to accompany their spiritual father on a mission to Palestine; or, if that should be impracticable, to submit themselves to the Vicar of Christ, to be disposed of as missionaries at his pleasure.

It was in the year 1506 that Francis Xavier, the youngest child of a numerous family, was born in the castle of his ancestors, in the Pyrenees. Robust and active, of a gay humor and ardent spirit, the young mountaineer listened with a throbbing heart to the military legends of his house, and to the inward voice which spoke of days to come, when his illustrious lineage should derive new splendor from his own achievements. But the hearts of his parents yearned over the son of their old age; and the enthusiasm which would have borne him to the pursuit of glory in the camp, was diverted by their counsels to the less hazardous contest for literary eminence at the University of Paris. From the embrace of Aristotle and his commentators, he would, however, have been prematurely withdrawn by the failure of his resources (for the Lords of Xavier were

not wealthy), if a domestic prophetess, his elder sister, had not been inspired to reveal his marvellous career and immortal recompense. For a child destined to have altars raised to his name throughout the Catholic Church, and Masses chanted in his honor till time should be no longer, every sacrifice was wisely made; and he was thus enabled to struggle on at the College of St. Barbara, till he had become qualified to earn his own maintenance as a public teacher of philosophy. His chair was crowded by the studious, and his society courted by the gay, the noble, and the rich. It was courted, also, by one who stood aloof from the thronging multitude; among them, but not of them. Miserable in dress, but of lofty bearing, at once unimpassioned and intensely earnest, abstemious of speech, yet occasionally uttering, in deep and most melodious tones, words of strange significance, Ignatius Loyola was gradually working over the mind of his young companion a spell which no difference of tastes, of habits, or of age, was of power to subdue. Potent as it was, the charm was long resisted. Hilarity was the native and indispensable element of Francis Xavier, and in his grave monitor he found an exhaustless topic of mirth and raillery. Armed with satire, which was not always playful, the light heart of youth contended, as best it might, against the solemn impressions which he could neither welcome nor

avoid. Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but, whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The world which Xavier had sought to gain, was indeed already exhibiting to him its accustomed treachery. It had given him amusements and applause; but with his self-government had stolen from him his pupils and his emoluments. Ignatius recruited both. He became the eulogist of the genius and the eloquence of his friend, and, as he presented to him the scholars attracted by these panegyrics, would repeat them in the presence of the delighted teacher; and then, as his kindling eye attested the sense of conscious and acknowledged merit, would check the rising exultation by the ever-recurring question, "What shall it profit?" Improvidence squandered these new resources; but nothing could damp the zeal of Ignatius. There he was again, though himself the poorest of the poor, ministering to the wants of Xavier, from a purse filled by the alms he had solicited; but there again was also the same unvarying demand, urged in the same rich though solemn

cadence, "What shall it profit?" In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man—at once forgiven and assisted, rebuked and beloved by his stern associate—Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination. He became, like his master, impassive to all sublunary pains and pleasures; and having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, excelled all his brethren of the Society of Jesus in the fervor of his devotion and the austerity of his self-discipline.

John III. of Portugal, resolving to plant the Christian faith on the Indian territories which had become subject to the dominion or influence of his crown, petitioned the Pope to select some fit leader in this peaceful crusade. On the advice of Ignatius, the choice of the Holy Father fell on Francis Xavier. A happier selection could not have been made, nor was a summons to toil, to suffering, and to death, ever so joyously received.

As the vessel in which Xavier embarked for India fell down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears; for she bore a regiment of a thousand men to re-inforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and the long-loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with

delight. He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow-passengers; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew neither the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant sea-sickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate the unwearied minister of consolation and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of a man of the world, a gentleman, and a scholar. With the viceroy and his officers he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the Apostle of the Indies. But his was no spirit to

be quenched or allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease. At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow-sufferers to soothe their terrors or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer the most wretched of mankind, in the esteem of his companions the happiest and the most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

At Goa, Xavier was shocked, and had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterize the crimes of civilized men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilization. Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and the most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones were quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends; and then returned them to their homes, that by their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the

unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as the object of his peculiar care. Even in the haunts of debauchery, and at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen, an honored and a welcome guest; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had in truth long since deserted the standard of prudence, the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom, the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

Rugged were the ways along which he was thus conducted. In those times, as in our own, there was on the Malabar coast a pearl fishery, and then, as now, the pearl-divers formed a separate and a degraded caste. It was not till after a residence of twelve months at Goa, that Xavier heard of these people. He heard that they were ignorant and miserable, and he inquired no farther. On that burning shore his bell once more

rang out an invitation of mercy, and again were gathered around him troops of inquisitive and docile children. For fifteen months he lived among these abject fishermen, his only food their rice and water, reposing in their huts, and allowing himself but three hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty. He became at once their physician, the arbiter in their disputes, and their advocate for the remission of their annual tribute with the government of Goa. The bishop of that city had assisted him with two interpreters, but his impassioned spirit struggled, and not in vain, for some more direct intercourse with the objects of his care. Committing to memory translations, at the time unintelligible to himself, of the creeds and other symbols of his faith, he recited them with tones and gestures, which spoke at once to the senses and to the hearts of his disciples. All obstacles yielded to his restless zeal. He soon learned to converse, to preach, and to write in their language. Many an humble cottage was surmounted by a crucifix, the mark of its consecration; and many a rude countenance reflected the sorrows and the hopes which they had been taught to associate with that sacred emblem. "I have nothing to add," (the quotation is from one of the letters which at this same time he wrote to Loyola) "but that they who came forth to labor for the salvation of idolaters, receive from on high such consolations, that if there be

on earth such a thing as happiness, it is theirs."

If there be such a thing, it is but as the checkered sunshine of a vernal day. A hostile inroad from Madura overwhelmed the poor fishermen who had learned to call Xavier their father, threw down their simple chapels, and drove them for refuge to the barren rocks and sand-banks which line the western shores of the strait of Manar. But their father was at hand to share their affliction, to procure for them from the viceroy at Goa relief and food, and to direct their confidence to a still more powerful Father whose presence and goodness they might adore even amidst the wreck of all their earthly treasures.

It was a lesson not unmeet for those on whom such treasures had been bestowed in the most ample abundance; and Xavier advanced to Travancore, to teach it there to the Rajah and his courtiers. No facts resting on remote human testimony can be more exempt from doubt than the general outline of the tale which follows. A solitary, poor, and unprotected stranger, he burst through the barriers which separate men of different tongues and races: and with an ease little less than miraculous, established for himself the means of interchanging thoughts with the people of the East. They may have ill-gathered his meaning, but by some mysterious force of sympathy they soon caught his ardor. Idol temples fell by the hands of their former wor-

shippers. Christian churches rose at his bidding; and the kingdom of Travancore was agitated with new ideas and unwonted controversies. The Brahmins argued—as the Church by law established has not seldom argued—with fire and sword, and the interdict of earth and water, to the enemies of their repose.

On the Coromandel coast, near the city of Meliapor, might be seen in those times the oratory and the tomb of St. Thomas, the first teacher of Christianity in India. It was in a cool and sequestered grotto that the apostle had been wont to pray; and there yet appeared on the living rock, in bold relief, the cross at which he knelt, with a crystal fountain of medicinal waters gushing from the base of it. On the neighboring height, a church with a marble altar, stained, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, with the blood of the martyr, ascertained the sacred spot at which his bones had been committed to the dust. To this venerable shrine Xavier retired, to learn the will of Heaven concerning him. He maintained, on this occasion, for seven successive days an unbroken fast and silence—no unfit preparation for his approaching conflicts.

Thirty years before the arrival of Xavier, Malacca had been conquered by Alphonso Albuquerque. It was a place abandoned to every form of sensual and enervating indulgence. Through her crowded streets a strange and solemn visitor

passed along, pealing his faithful bell, and earnestly imploring the prayers of the faithful for that guilty people. Curiosity and alarm soon gave way to ridicule; but Xavier's panoply was complete. The messenger of divine wrath judged this an unfit occasion for courting aversion or contempt. He became the gayest of the gay, and, in address at least, the very model of an accomplished cavalier. Foiled at their own weapons, his dissolute countrymen acknowledged the irresistible authority of a self-devotion so awful, relieved and embellished as it was by every social grace. Thus the work of reformation prospered, or seemed to prosper. Altars rose in the open streets, the confessional was thronged by penitents, translations of devout books were multiplied; and the saint, foremost in every toil, applied himself with all the activity of his spirit to study the structure and the graceful pronunciation of the Malayar tongue. But the plague was not thus to be stayed. A relapse into all their former habits filled up the measure of their crimes. With prophetic voice Xavier announced the impending chastisements of Heaven; and shaking off from his feet the dust of the obdurate city, pursued his indefatigable way to Amboyna.

That island, then a part of the vast dominions of Portugal in the East, had scarcely witnessed the commencement of Xavier's exertions, when a fleet of Spanish vessels appeared in hostile array

on the shores. They were invaders, and even corsairs; for their expedition had been disavowed by Charles V. Pestilence, however, was raging among them; and Xavier was equally ready to hazard his life in the cause of Portugal, or in the service of her afflicted enemies. Day and night he lived in the infected ships, soothing every spiritual distress, and exerting all the magical influence of his name to procure for the sick whatever might contribute to their recovery or soothe their pains. The coals of fire, thus heaped on the heads of the pirates, melted hearts otherwise steeled to pity; and to Xavier belonged the rare, perhaps the unrivalled, glory of repelling an invasion by no weapons but those of self-denial and love.

But glory, the praise of men, or their gratitude, what were these to him? As the Spaniards retired peacefully from Amboyna, he, too, quitted the half-adoring multitude, whom he had rescued from the horrors of a pirate's war, and, spurning all the timid councils which would have stayed his course, proceeded, as the herald of good tidings, to the half barbarous islands of the neighboring Archipelago. "If those lands," such was his indignant exclamation, "had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there; nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed, because there is nothing to be gained

there but the souls of men, and shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honor to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." Nor was this the language of a man insensible to the sorrows of life, or really unaffected by the dangers he had to incur. "Believe me, my beloved brethren," (we quote from a letter written by him at this time to the Society at Rome), "it is in general easy to understand the evangelical maxim, that he who will lose his life shall find it. But when the moment of action has come, and when the sacrifice of life for God is to be really made, oh, then, clear as at other times the meaning is, it becomes deeply obscure! so dark, indeed, that he alone can comprehend it, to whom, in His mercy, God Himself interprets it. Then it is we know how weak and frail we are."

Weak and frail he may have been; but from the days of St. Paul to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardor, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the

island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas) he took his stand at the foot of a volcano; and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent, and to obey the truth. Repairing for the celebration of Mass to some edifice which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled; but Xavier standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious Sacrifice.

The history of Xavier now reaches an unwelcome pause. He pined for solitude and silence. He had been too long in constant intercourse with man, and found that, however high and holy may be the ends for which social life is cultivated, the habit, if unbroken, will impair that inward sense through which alone the soul can gather any true intimations of her nature and her destiny. He retired to commune with himself in a seclusion where the works of God alone were to be seen, and where no voices could be heard but those which, in each varying cadence, raise an unconscious anthem of praise and adoration to their Creator. There for awhile reposing from labors such as few or any other of the sons of men

have undergone, he consumed days and weeks in meditating prospects beyond the reach of any vision unenlarged by the habitual exercise of beneficence and piety.

Scarcely four years had elapsed from the first discovery of Japan by the Portuguese, when Xavier, attended by Auger and his two servants, sailed from Goa to convert the islanders to the Christian faith. Much good advice had been, as usual, wasted on him by his friends. To Loyola alone he confided the secret of his confidence. "I cannot express to you," (such are his words) "the joy with which I undertake this long voyage; for it is full of extreme perils, and we consider a fleet sailing to Japan as eminently prosperous in which one ship out of four is saved. Though the risk far exceeds any which I have hitherto encountered, I shall not decline it; for our Lord has imparted to me an interior revelation of the rich harvest which will one day be gathered from the cross when once planted there." Whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear that nothing magnanimous or sublime has ever yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without. But, as if resolved to show that a man may at once act on motives incomprehensible to his fellow mortals, and possess the deepest insight into the motives by which they are habitually governed, Xavier left behind him a code of instructions for

his brother missionaries, illuminated in almost every page by that profound sagacity which results from the union of extensive knowledge with acute observation, mellowed by the intuitive wisdom of a compassionate and lowly heart. The science of self-conquest, with a view to conquer the stubborn will of others, the act of winning admission for painful truth, and the duties of fidelity and reverence in the attempt to heal the diseases of the human spirit, were never taught by uninspired man with an eloquence more gentle, or an authority more impressive. A long voyage, pursued through every disaster which the malevolence of man and demons could oppose to his progress (for he was constrained to sail in a piratical ship, with idols on her deck and whirlwinds in her path), brought him, in the year 1549, to Japan, there to practice his own lessons, and to give a new example of heroic perseverance.

Carrying on his back his only viaticum, the vessels requisite for performing the Sacrifice of the Mass, he advanced to Firando, at once the seaport and the capital of the kingdom of that name. Some Portuguese ships, riding at anchor there, announced his arrival in all the forms of nautical triumph—flags of every hue floating from the masts, seamen clustering on the yards, cannon roaring from beneath, and trumpets braying from above. Firando was agitated with debate and wonder; all asked, but none could afford, an explanation

of the homage rendered by the wealthy traders to the meanest of their countrymen. It was given by the humble pilgrim himself, surrounded in the royal presence by all the pomp which the Europeans could display in his honor. Great was the effect of these auxiliaries to the work of an evangelist; and the modern, like the ancient Apostle, ready to become all things to all men, would no longer decline the abasement of assuming for a moment the world's grandeur, when he found that such puerile acts might allure the children of the world to listen to the voice of wisdom. At Meaco, then the seat of empire in Japan, the discovery might be reduced to practice with still more important success, and thitherwards his steps were promptly directed.

At Amanguchi, the capital of Nagoto, he found the hearts of men hardened by sensuality, and his exhortations to repentance were repaid by showers of stones and insults. They drove him forth half naked, with no provision but a bag of parched rice, and accompanied only by three of his converts, prepared to share his danger and his reproach.

It was in the depth of winter; dense forests, steep mountains, half-frozen streams, and wastes of untrodden snow, lay in his path to Meaco. An entire month was consumed in traversing the wilderness, and the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom adding bitterness to the rigors of nature. On

one occasion the wanderers were overtaken in a thick jungle by a horseman bearing a heavy package. Xavier offered to carry the load, if the rider would requite the service by pointing out his way. The offer was accepted, but hour after hour the horse was urged on at such a pace, and so rapidly sped the panting missionary after him, that his tortured feet and excoriated body sank in seeming death under the protracted effort. In the extremity of his distress no repining word was ever heard to fall from him. He performed this dreadful pilgrimage in silent communion with Him for whom he rejoiced to suffer the loss of all things; or spoke only to sustain the hope and courage of his associates. At length the walls of Meaco were seen, promising a repose not ungrateful even to his adamantine frame and fiery spirit. But repose was no more to visit him. He found the city in all the tumult and horror of a siege. It was impossible to gain attention to his doctrines amidst the din of arms. Chanting from the Psalmist—When Israel went out of Egypt and the house of Jacob from a strange people—the Saint again plunged into the desert, and retraced his steps to Amanguchi.

Xavier describes the Japanese very much as a Roman might have depicted the Greeks in the age of Augustus, as at once intellectual and sensual voluptuaries; on the best possible terms with themselves, a good-humored but faithless race,

equally acute and frivolous, talkative and disputatious—"their inquisitiveness," he says, "is incredible, especially in their intercourse with strangers, for whom they have not the slightest respect, but make incessant sport of them." Surrounded at Amanguchi, by a crowd of these babblers, he was plied with innumerable questions about the immortality of the soul, the movements of the planets, eclipses, the rainbow—sin, grace, paradise, and hell. He heard and answered. A single response solved all these problems. Astronomers, meteorologists, metaphysicians, and divines, all heard the same sound, but to each it came with a different and an appropriate meaning. So wrote from the very spot Father Anthony Quadros four years after the event, and so the fact may be read in the process of Xavier's canonization.

In such controversies, and in doing the work of an evangelist in every other form, Xavier saw the third year of his residence at Japan gliding away, when tidings of perplexities at the mother church of Goa recalled him thither; across seas so wide and stormy, that even the sacred lust of gold hardly braved them in that infancy of the art of navigation. As his ship drove before the monsoon, dragging after her a smaller bark which she had taken in tow, the connecting ropes were suddenly burst asunder, and in a few minutes the two vessels were no longer in sight. Thrice

the sun rose and set on their dark course, the unchained elements roaring as in mad revelry around them, and the ocean seething like a caldron. Xavier's shipmates wept over the loss of friends and kindred in the foundered bark, and shuddered at their own approaching doom. He also wept; but his were grateful tears. As the screaming whirlwind swept over the abyss, the present Deity was revealed to His faithful worshipper, shedding tranquillity, and peace, and joy over the sanctuary of a devout and confiding heart. "Mourn not, my friend," was his gay address to Edward de Gama, as he lamented the loss of his brother in the bark; "before three days, the daughter will have returned to her mother." They were weary and anxious days; but, as the third drew towards a close, a sail appeared on the horizon. Defying the adverse winds, she made straight towards them, and at last dropped alongside, as calmly as the sea-bird ends her flight, and furls her ruffled plumage on the swelling surge. The cry of miracle burst from every lip; and well it might. There was the lost bark, and not the bark only, but Xavier himself on board of her! What though he had ridden out the tempest in the larger vessel, the stay of their drooping spirits, he had at the same time been in the smaller ship, performing there also the same charitable office; and yet, when the two hailed and spoke to each other, there was but one Francis Xavier, and he

composedly standing by the side of Edward de Gama on the deck of the "Holy Cross." Such was the name of the Commodore's vessel. For her services on this occasion, she obtained a sacred charter of immunity from risks of every kind.; and as long as her timbers continued sound, bounded merrily across seas in which no other craft could have lived.

During this wondrous voyage, her deck had often been paced in deep conference by Xavier and Jago de Pereyra, her commander. The great object which expanded the thoughts of Pereyra was the conversion of the Chinese empire. Before the "Holy Cross" had reached Goa, Pereyra had pledged his whole fortune, Xavier his influence and his life, to this gigantic adventure. In the spring of the following year, the apostle and Pereyra sailed from Goa in the "Holy Cross," for the then unexplored coasts of China. As they passed Malacca, tidings came to Xavier of the tardy though true fulfilment of one of his predicitons. Pestilence, the minister of Divine vengeance, was laying waste that stiff-necked and luxurious people ; but the woe he had foretold he was the foremost to alleviate. Heedless of his own safety, he raised the sick in his arms and bore them to the hospitals. He esteemed no time, or place, or office, too sacred to give way to this work of mercy. Ships, colleges, churches, all at his bidding became so many lazarettos.

Night and day he lived among the diseased and the dying, or quitted them only to beg food or medicine, from door to door, for their relief. For the moment, even China was forgotten; nor would he advance a step though it were to convert to Christianity a third part of the human race, so long as one victim of the plague demanded his sympathy, or could be directed to an ever-present and still more compassionate Comforter. The career of Xavier was now drawing to a close; and with him the time was ripe for practising those deeper lessons of wisdom which he had imbibed from his long and arduous discipline.

Again the "Holy Cross" prepared for sea; and the apostle of the Indies, followed by a grateful and admiring people, passed through the gates of Malacca to the beach. Falling on his face to the earth, he poured forth a passionate though silent prayer. His body heaved and shook with the throes of that agonizing hour. What might be the fearful portent none might divine, and none presumed to ask. A contagious terror passed from eye to eye, but every voice was hushed. It was as the calm preceding the first thunder peal which is to rend the firmament. Xavier arose, his countenance no longer beaming with its accustomed grace and tenderness, but glowing with a sacred indignation, like that of Isaiah when breathing forth his inspired menaces

against the king of Babylon. Standing on a rock amidst the waters, he loosed his shoes from off his feet, smote them against each other with vehement action, and then casting them from him, as still tainted with the dust of that devoted city, he leaped barefooted into the bark, which bore him away forever from a place from which he had so long and vainly labored to avert her impending doom.

She bore him, as he had projected, to the island of Sancian. It was a mere commercial factory; and the merchants who passed the trading season there, vehemently opposed his design of penetrating farther into China. True he had ventured into the forest, against the tigers which infested it, with no other weapon than a vase of holy water; and the savage beasts, sprinkled with that sacred element, had forever fled the place: but the mandarins were fiercer still than they, and would avenge the preaching of the saint on the inmates of the factory.

Long years had now passed away since the voice of Loyola had been heard on the banks of the Seine urging the solemn inquiry, "What shall it profit." But the words still rung on the ear of Xavier, and were still repeated, though in vain, to his worldly associates at Sancian. They sailed away with their cargoes, leaving behind them only the "Holy Cross," in charge of the officers of Alvaro, and depriving Xavier of all

means of crossing the channel to Macao. They left him destitute of shelter and of food, but not of hope. He had heard that the King of Siam meditated an embassy to China for the following year; and to Siam he resolved to return in Alvaro's vessel, to join himself, if possible, to the Siamese envoys, and so at length to force his way into the empire.

But his earthly toils and projects were now to cease forever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal

prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, *In te Domine, speravi—non confundar in æternum!* he bowed his head and died.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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## JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

WHAT is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pre-

tender; but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from men. Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king

of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace.* When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long." This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artifi-

cial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents. "The pile struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height.". . . There would be a certainty of calumny rising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*.

Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who in their own person would yield to it least. Meantime there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept; and of those ten thousand the majority were political enemies." What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply the torch from below. He did so.

The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath descended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant*, either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.—*De Quincey.*

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## THE HOLY LAND.

HAIL, Holy Land! Land of human sorrows and divine mercies! Land of prophecy, country of God and man, our eyes now turn towards thee. At thy very name we feel an irresistible emotion, and the depths of our souls re-echo the accents of the royal psalmist: "O Jerusalem, may my right hand perish, if ever I forget thee!"

But if we would speak worthily of Jerusalem, we must borrow the language of St. Bernard;

"Hail, then, holy city, city of the Son of God: chosen and sanctified to be the source of our salvation! Hail to thee, dwelling-place of the Great King, whence have emanated all the wonders of ancient and modern times which have rejoiced the world! Queen of nations, capital of empires, see of patriarchs, mother of prophets and apostles, first cradle of our faith, glory and honor of Christianity! Hail, promised land, once flowing with milk and honey for thy first children, thou hast produced the food of life and the medicine of immortality for all future ages. Yes, city of God, great things have been spoken of thee!"

Although now dead and withered, Jerusalem, like the prophet's bones, seems still to possess the virtue of giving life to the dead who touch her ancient remains. Her name, like the name of God, whence it is derived, is invested with a hidden power, which at certain periods manifests itself like the electric spark, and diffuses a sacred emotion throughout every land; and when the world goes astray, when it becomes exhausted, or slumbers in the shadow of death, this life-giving name awakens it, and the angel who descends into the pool of the holy city stirs the springs of life, and pours the heavenly sap once more through the veins of the human race.

There has never been any great idea, or first principle, or heavenly inspiration, which has not arisen in the Holy Land before its diffusion

throughout the world. There, in the beginning, flowed the tears and the blood of sinful man; there, under the mount of skulls,* are laid the remains of Adam and those of the mother of the living. Melchisedech came there to offer the sacrifice of future reconciliation; and under that high-priest's footsteps, according to the eternal decree, arose Salem, the city of peace. The three races of mankind—the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth—each in its turn mingled their ashes with those of the father of all men; and thus around the first human grave, the primitive altar of mercy, was found the sacred field of the dead—that vast cemetery of the sons of men, which gradually enlarged its limits unto the uttermost parts of the earth. On this mystical altar flowed the blood of beasts, the blood of man, and the blood of God; and from the summit of this altar, on the Holy mount, where Christ consummated His sacrifice, Divine grace flowed forth upon the dead, and watered the dust of man, which will one day revive again.—*M. l'Abbé Ratisbonne.*

* Calvary, "the place of skulls," on which was raised the cross of Christ, is said to contain the ashes of Adam and Eve. This assertion is by no means authentic; but is founded on pious tradition which the Church has never condemned.

## DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, SEPT. 9, 1087.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler [William of Malmesbury], after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life, and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong

and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying

man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. "And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth. "Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer. "But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?" "Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee." It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the

kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the Church of Our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile

me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

—*Edward A. Freeman.*

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## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavinian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with

the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions;* and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch,

* Estimated now at two hundred and twenty-five millions.

when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.—*Lord Macaulay.*

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## THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

WHERE hast thou been these nine months, dulcet bird?
Have Bagdad's maidens listened to the swell
Of thy shrill music amid citrons heard?
Or hast thou showered on Hydra's asphodel
Clear notes prolonged beside some marble well?
Or trilled thy song of love hard by the herd
Of antelopes? or where Nile's cataracts fell
Did lotus, palm, and melon, catch thy word?
I take it kindly of thee that at last
Thou art come back to us without a call:
No Syrian groves or blooms could hold thee fast,
Nor thy quick brain to such extent inthral
But this instinctive preference through it passed—
"The English woods and roses beat them all."
—*Earle.*

## MARSHAL MacMAHON.

"PATRICK MARY EDMUND MAURICE DE MAC-MAHON!" Such is the significant baptismal name of the illustrious soldier, the first of our age, who lately occupied the chief place in the French republic; a name that, almost in itself, is a guarantee of sound training and traditions; of fervent religious faith; and of ardent patriotism to the old and new countries, to Old Ireland, that fruitful mother of heroes, and to chivalrous Catholic France, the loved land by adoption of kindred Celts, one in creed and origin, who have ever found there that religious freedom, and manly appreciation, denied to them at home by the foreign conquerors of the green soil of Erin, but never of the hearts of her sons. "Sursum corda!" Surely there is a political future for the land which claims such men.

A recent writer gives the following description of the man:—You seek a soldier—behold one! His height is not remarkable, but that body, all steel and iron, is made for the march, for the camp, for the charge. His countenance is calm and mild as the green valleys of his own ancestral island; and the energy of his mind never banishes the serenity of his visage behind its veil of an undefined sadness. His eyes are well-set; his glance bright and thoughtful; his moustaches fall carelessly over his lips after the fashion com-

mon among the old Chasseurs d'Afrique. His hair is thin and straight, as having suffered from the constant wearing of the kepi. His physiognomy is open and frank, and simple without affectation, his attitude is at once noble and modest; there is about him that indescribable air of aristocratic carelessness that bespeaks the gentleman who has grown old in the camp.

He loves not the world of fashion; he cares little for politics; and would, probably, sooner mount to the assault of a battery than ascend the parlimentary tribune. His tribune, you will find it in the tower of the Malakoff, whence he speaks to the Russians; on a Kabylian rock, whence he has chased the Arab ambush, or in the breach at Antwerp, Oran, and Constantine.

Do you see him galloping past, his body rivetted to the saddle, his sword rivetted to his hand. The spirit of battle possesses and moves him. He is transformed, his eye shoots fire, the red blood rushes up to his face, his lips tremble. He rushes on; he commands; he is himself. His glance, unerring as it is rapid, takes in the whole scene,-and eye and mind are at once thoroughly devoted to the pursuit of the end to be attained. With him the presence of the thunder is made known and its stroke is almost felt at one and the same instant. He gives his orders as the cannon pours forth its death-dealing balls, and the sound of his voice at such times is as steady and precise

as the roll of the drum. The soldier knows that voice, which has resounded in his ears from one end of Algeria to the other, on the heights of the Malakoff, at Magenta, and at Solferino. That voice enforces not only obedience, but it breathes the fire of patriotic enthusiasm.

It has been said of the Marshal that he shared in the qualities of both Ney and Massena; the saying is true, inasmuch as he is at once the bravest of the brave, and the cherished child of victory.

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## DECISION IN FAVOR OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is the most precious of all treasures, and this has been recognized, even by pagans. A charming story on this subject is related by Crantor, a Greek philosopher, who lived more than three hundred years before Christ. "One day," says he, "the divinities who preside over riches, voluptuousness, health, and virtue, suddenly appeared amongst the various nations of Greece assembled to celebrate the Olympic Games. They desired, in their wisdom, that the judges of the Areopagus should assign to each of them the rank they occupy, according to their several degrees of influence on the happiness of men. Riches displayed its magnificence, and already began to

dazzle the eyes of the judges, when Voluptuousness brought down its merit by showing that the only end of Riches was to conduce to pleasure. Voluptuousness was applauded, but then Health rose, and easily proved that without it the greatest pleasures, the sweetest enjoyments, are bitter, and that, without Health, grief soon takes the place of joy. Then the Areopagites appeared decided in favor of the latter; but Virtue terminated the dispute, for she made all the Greeks admit that riches, pleasure, and health do not last long, and that if they be not accompanied by Virtue, they become evils for those who do not know how to use them with discretion. At this discourse, so simple and so true, every one clapped their hands, and the first rank was accorded to Virtue, the second to Health."—*Noel, Cat. de*

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## THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

In 1798, while the author of this work was residing in London, exiled from France by the horrors of the Revolution, and gaining a subsistence by the productions of his pen, which were tinctured with the skepticism and infidelity of the times, he was informed of the death of his venerable mother, whose last days had been em-

bittered by the recollection of his errors, and who had left him, in her dying moments, a solemn admonition to retrace his steps. The thought of having saddened the old age of that tender and religious parent who had borne him in her womb, overwhelmed him with confusion; the tears gushed from his eyes, and the Christian sentiments in which he had been educated returned under the impulses of a generous and affectionate heart: "*I wept and I believed.*" But the trouble which harassed his mind did not entirely vanish, until he had formed the plan of redeeming his first publications by the consecration of his splendid abilities to the honor of religion. Such was the origin of the *Genius of Christianity*, in the composition of which he labored with "all the ardor of a son who was erecting a mausoleum to his mother."

The publication of such a work at such a time could not but enlist against it a powerful opposition among the advocates of infidelity; but its superior excellence and brilliant character obtained an easy triumph over the critics who had attempted to crush its influence. In two years it had passed through seven editions; and such was the popularity it acquired, that it was translated into the Italian, German, and Russian languages. In France, the friends of religion hailed it as the olive branch of peace and hope—a messenger of heaven, sent forth to solace the general affliction,

to heal the wounds of so many desolate hearts, after the frightful deluge of impiety which had laid waste that unfortunate country. On the other hand, the wavering in faith, and even they who had been perverted by the sophistry of the times, were drawn to a profitable investigation of religion, by the new and irresistible charms that had been thrown around it. It cannot be denied that the *Genius of Christianity* exerted a most powerful and beneficial influence in Europe for the good of religion and the improvement of literature. The eloquent Balmes has well said, "The mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold in reserve, for every great crisis of society, an extraordinary man. . . . . Atheism was bathing France in a sea of tears and blood. An unknown man silently traverses the ocean, . . . . returns to his native soil." . . . . He finds there "the ruins and ashes of ancient temples devoured by the flames or destroyed by violence; the remains of a multitude of innocent victims, buried in the graves which formerly afforded an asylum to persecuted Christians. He observes, however, that something is in agitation: he sees that religion is about to redescend upon France, like consolation upon the unfortunate, or the breath of life upon a corpse. From that moment he hears on all sides a concert of celestial harmony; the inspirations of meditation and solitude revive and ferment in his great soul; trans-

ported out of himself, and ravished into ecstasy, he sings with a tongue of fire the glories of religion, he reveals the delicacy and beauty of the relations between religion and nature, and in surpassing language he points out to astonished men the mysterious golden chain which connects the heavens and the earth. That man was Chateaubriand."—*Charles I. White, D.D.*

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## CHARITY.

(SUGGESTED BY DORE'S "SPANISH BEGGARS.")

Doña Inez was a lady,
Very rich and fair to see,
And her heart was like a lily
In its holy purity;
Through the widest street in Cadiz
Doña Inez rode one day,
Clad in costly silk and laces,
Mid a group of friends as gay.

Near the portals of a convent—
From the Moors just lately won—
Sat a crowd of dark-skinned beggars
Basking in the pleasant sun;
One, an old man—he a Christian
Blind to all the outward light—

Told his black beads, praying softly
For all poor souls still in night.

"I am but a Moorish beggar,"
Said a woman with a child;
"I am but a Moorish beggar,
And the Moors are fierce and wild.
*You* may *talk* of Christian goodness—
Christian Faith and charity,
But *I'll* never be a Christian
'Till some proof of these I see.
Christians are as proud and haughty
As the proudest Moor of all;
And they hate the men that hate them
With a hate like bitter gall."

"You judge rashly, O my sister,
In the words you speak to me."
"I would be a Christian, blind man:
Show me Christian charity!

"Lo! here comes proud Doña Inez,
Very rich and fair to see;
I am but a Moorish beggar,
Will the lady come to me?

"No! she will not, for she hateth
All the children of the Moor.
If she come, I tell you, blind man,
I will kneel, and Christ adore!"

Passing was the Lady Inez,
When the dark group met her eye,
And she leant from out her litter
Smiling on them tenderly.
"They are poor, they are God's children"
Said a voice within her soul,
And she lightly from her litter
Stepped to give the beggars dole.

Sneered, and laughed, and laughing wondered
All the other ladies gay;
And the Lady Inez knew not
She had saved a soul that day.

—*From "Preludes," by Maurice F. Egan.*

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## LA HARPE'S CONVERSION.

La Harpe was one of the most distinguished scholars of the last century, but at the same time one of the most impious philosophers. At the period of the Revolution he was arrested and thrown into prison. Alone there in a small room he began to reflect seriously, which had not happened to him, probably, for a long time. He also read some good books, amongst others the Psalms of David, the New Testament, and some others, but that

did not completely change him. One day, weary of that state of uncertainty in which he was, he took up unthinkingly a book that lay on his mantel-piece: it was the *Imitation.* He opens it at random, and his eyes fall just on these words: "My son, behold, here I am! I come to thee, because thou hast called me." He had no need of reading farther; he was so impressed, so struck by these words, that he fell on his knees, his face to the ground, the tears streaming from his eyes. His breast heaved with sighs, he groaned and cried aloud, and broken incoherent words escaped him; and, in the midst of that sweet revulsion of feeling going on within him, his mind recurred incessantly to the words, *My son, behold here I am.* La Harpe was converted, and, as God did not permit that he should perish on the scaffold, he devoted the rest of his life to making good books to counteract, as far as possible, the effect of the bad ones he had had the misfortune to write before. The beautiful words that made an impious philosopher a fervent Christian are found, my dear friends, in the third book, twenty-first chapter; read them over sometimes, recalling to mind what I have just told you.—*Guillois, Nouv. Explic. du Cat.*, 254.

## THE ATHEIST SAYING HIS BEADS.

I CONFESS to you, children, it is very convenient to play the sceptic and the free-thinker when people are well, and everything is going well with them; but there are moments when, in spite of them, they return to better sentiments. The famous Volney was once on a voyage with some of his friends, off the coast of Maryland, in North America. All at once a great storm arose, and the little bark which bore the flower of the unbelievers of both hemispheres, appeared twenty times on the point of being lost. In this imminent peril every one began to pray; M. de Volney himself snatched a rosary from a good woman near him, and began to recite *Ave Marias* with edifying fervor, nor ceased till the danger had passed. Some one approached him when the storm was over and said in a tone of good-natured raillery: "My dear sir, it seems to me that you were praying just now; to whom, pray, did you address yourself, since you maintain that there is no God?" "Ah! my friend," replied the philosopher, all ashamed, "one can be a sceptic in his study, but not at sea, in a storm."—*Noel, Catechisme de Rodez*, I., 73.

## FUNERAL ORATION OF THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

Come now, you people; or rather, come, princes and lords; and you, who judge the earth; and you, who open to men the gates of heaven; and you, more than all, princes and princesses, noble progeny of so many kings, lights of France, but to-day obscured, and covered with your grief as with a cloud; come and see the little that remains to us of so august a birth, of so much greatness, of so much glory. Cast your eyes on all sides; behold all that magnificence and piety could do, to honor a hero; titles, inscriptions, vain marks of that which is no more; figures which seem to weep around a tomb, and frail images of a grief which time bears away along with all the rest; columns which seem as if they would raise to heaven the magnificent testimony of our nothingness: and nought in fine is wanted, amid all these honors, but he to whom they are given. Weep, then, over these feeble remains of human life; weep over that sad immortality which we give to heroes.

But approach, in particular, O you who run with so much ardor in the career of glory; warlike and intrepid souls! Who was more worthy to command you? yet in whom have you found authority more gentle! Weep, then, for this great captain,

and say, with sighs, Behold him who was our leader in dangers; under him have been formed so many renowned captains, whom his examples have raised to the first honors of war; his shade could still gain victories; and behold, now, in his silence, his very name animates, and at the same time warns us, that to find at death some rest from our labors, and not to arrive unprovided at our eternal dwelling, with the earthly king we must likewise serve the King of heaven. Serve, then, that King, immortal and so full of mercy, who will value a sigh and a glass of water given in His name, more than all others will ever do the effusion of all your blood; and begin to date the time of your useful services from the day on which you shall have given yourself to a Master so beneficent.

For me, if it be allowed me, after all others, to come to render the last duties at this tomb, O Prince, worthy subject of our eulogies and of our regrets, you shall live eternally in my memory; your image shall there be traced, not with that boldness which promised victory; no, I wil see nothing in you of that which is effaced by death. You shall have in this image immortal lineaments; I shall there behold you such as you were at that last day under the hand of God, when His glory seemed already to appear to you. There I shall behold you more triumphant than at Fribourg and Rocroy; and, ravished by a triumph so

splendid, I shall repeat, with thanksgiving, these beautiful words of the beloved disciple: "*And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.*" Enjoy, prince, this victory; enjoy it eternally by the immortal virtue of this sacrifice. Accept these last efforts of a voice which was known to you. You shall put an end to all these discourses. Instead of deploring the death of others, great Prince, henceforward I will learn of you to render my own holy. Happy, if, warned by these white hairs of the account which I am to render of my ministry, I reserve for the flock which I ought to nourish with the word of life, the remains of a faltering voice and of an ardor which will soon be extinguished.

—*Bossuet.*

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## THE ASSUMPTION.

I CANNOT think they love the Lord aright,
  Or by His promised spirit have been taught,
  Who from His mother derogate in aught,
And grudgingly withhold her sovereign right,
And find one speck upon her shield of light,
  And deem the sacred vessel which has brought
  Incarnate God into the world is naught
But dust still soddening in the crypts of night.

No! rather let me cleave to what they say
Who love the legends of the East to reap,
That when Apostles on an August day
Came to the spot where Mary fell on sleep,
They found, where late her precious body lay,
Naught but some fragrant lilies in a heap.
—*Earle.*

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## THE WIFE OF MARSHAL DE MOUCHY.

Of all the victims who perished on the revolutionary scaffold in 1793, there are few who do not merit the admiration of all France. You may judge of this from the following fact: Marshal de Mouchy was sentenced to die on the scaffold; he mounted it courageously, pronouncing these emphatic words: "At twenty I mounted the breach for my king, at eighty I mount the scaffold for my God." But listen: This venerable old man had been arrested, and conducted, like so many others, to the prison of the Luxembourg, in Paris. He was scarcely there when his wife went to join him. She is told that the accusation makes no mention of her; but she answers in a decided tone: "Since my husband is arrested, so am I." M. de Mouchy is brought before the revolutionary tribunal; she accompanies him. The public accuser warns her that he did not send

for her. "Since my husband is summoned before your tribunal, so am I." At length, the famous Marshal is condemned to death, and the courageous wife ascends the fatal cart with him. "But you are not condemned," says the executioner to her. "Since my husband is condemned, so am I." No other answer could be drawn from this admirable woman, and it was found necessary to employ force to make her descend from the scaffold. Is not this what may be called the literal acceptation of those words of Our Lord: *A woman shall leave her father and her mother, and cleave unto her husband?* Oh! happy are the families which have at their head a man and woman so well adapted to each other! —*Filassier, Dict. Hist. d'Educ.*, I., 125.

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## THE SEIGE OF WEINSBERG.

The Duke of Wurtemburg had strongly opposed the election of Conrad III., who was proclaimed Emperor in 1138. That did not prevent the election from being confirmed. When the new monarch had assumed the diadem, the Duke of Wurtemburg refused to recognize him, and shut himself up in the fortress of Weinsberg, the strongest in the whole duchy of Wurtemburg.

He was besieged there by the imperial army, but withstood for twelve days the attack of his sovereign with a bravery truly heroic. At length he was obliged to yield to superior strength. The Emperor, much exasperated, would have destroyed all before him; he even intended to slaughter every living being. Nevertheless, on the remonstrances of his council, he pardoned the women, and permitted them to carry off what they most valued, but insisted on their leaving the town immediately. The Duchess availed herself of this permission to save her husband's life; She took him on her back, and so quitted the town. All the other women did as much, and Conrad saw them go forth loaded with this precious burden, the Duchess at their head. He could not withstand a sight so touching; yielding to the admiration it caused him, he forgave the husbands for the sake of their wives; the whole town was saved.—*Filassier*, *Dict. Hist. d'Educ.*, I., 229.

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## THE PARGUINOTES.

The small town of Parga, on the coast of Epirus, which maintained its independence for ages, under the protection of the Venetian republic, and which boldly contested for liberty for six months against

the Turks, was, by a treaty, in which the British nation was a party, ceded to their most inveterate and deadly enemies. This event took place in 1814. Stipulations of a favorable kind were made in behalf of the Parguinotes; and it was agreed that every one, who would rather withdraw from his country, than trust to the faithless promises of Ali Pacha—for to him they were then ceded—was to have the privilege of retiring, and to have the value of his property paid to him by the Albanian tyrant.

When the commissioners of Great Britain and the Porte first met to ascertain what portion of the natives chose to relinquish their country, or share in its disgrace, they were called one by one, with the greatest formality, before the two commissioners; and all, without exception, declared that, rather than submit to the Ottoman authority, they would forever abandon their country, were they even to lose all they possessed. They added, that, in quitting the land of their birth, they would disinter, and carry away the bones of their forefathers, that they might not have to reproach themselves with having left those sacred relics to the most cruel enemies of their race.

One of the Parguinotes (named Glanchi Zulla), who was deaf and dumb, being interrogated, in his turn, as to the course which he proposed to take, and having ascertained what was signified to him, indignantly turned to the Turkish commissioner, and by the most energetic and unequivocal

gestures, gave him to understand, that he would never remain under the dominion of the Pacha! Three years afterwards, the Parguinotes were again assembled, and again expressed their determination not to live under the yoke of the Turks. At length, in June, 1819, it was determined to enforce the cession; and the British commissioner informed the Parguinotes, that, in conformity with the arrangements with Ali Pacha, a Turkish force was to enter their territory without delay.

The Parguinotes having held a consultation, sent to inform the commandant, that, as such was the determination of the British commissioner, they had unanimously resolved, that should one single Turk enter their territory, before all of them should have had a fair opportunity of leaving it, they would put to death their wives and children, and then defend themselves against any force, Christian or Turkish, that should violate the pledge made to them, and that they would fight until one only should survive to tell the story.

The English commandant, perceiving by their preparations, that their resolution was irrevocable, despatched General Sir Frederick Adam to expostulate with them. The officer, on his arrival at Parga, observed a large fire in the public square, where the inhabitants had heaped together the bones of their ancestors, collected from the churches and cemeteries.

All the male population stood armed at the doors

of their respective dwellings; the women and children were within awaiting their fate; a gloomy and awful silence prevailed. A few of the primates, with the protopata at their head, received General Adam on his landing, and assured him, that the meditated sacrifice would be immediately made, unless he could stop the entrance of the Turks, who had already arrived near their frontier, and effectually protect their embarkation and departure.

Fortunately, Sir Frederick Adam found means to prevail on the Turkish commandant to halt with his force. The embarkation then commenced, and all the Parguinotes proceeded to Corfu. The Turks, on their entrance, found Parga a desert; and the only signal that marked their reception, was the smoke of the funeral pile, in which its late inhabitants had consumed the bones of their forefathers. The unfortunate emigrants waited at Corfu, as houseless wanderers, the distribution of the miserable pittance of £48 per head, which had been awarded to them, as a compensation for the loss of their property, their social endearments, and their country

## THE ROSARY.

Of all the forms of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Rosary recommends itself by its peculiar excellence. It unites the various merits of mental and of vocal prayer. The attention is recalled from the distracting cares of life, and directed heavenwards by the recital of one of those stupendous and incomprehensible acts of love which the Man-God displayed towards us, or of the heroic virtues and sublime dignity which He has bestowed on His Virgin Mother. And when the better feelings of nature are touched, and the mind lifted from the grovelling pursuits of earth, and the heart laid open for every salutary impression, then is the petition taught by the Redeemer Himself, poured forth before the throne of mercy, and the ever Blessed Virgin is repeatedly entreated to intercede for us, with her Son, that we may obtain the objects of that petition, as well as every other blessing. The prayer concludes by glorifying the three Persons of the Godhead, and thus professing our faith in the leading tenet of Christianity.

In this there is nothing over-refined or far-fetched. It is suited to the capacities of all. The Christian philosopher has delighted in its simple beauty, and the poor slave has solaced many a weary hour by reciting it, and thinking

over the glad tidings it announces, that those who are despised and trampled under foot by the lawless wantonness of power, are dearer far to the Redeemer than the haughty and unfeeling tyrant; that the path of sufferings, hallowed by the footsteps of God, is the path to a glorious throne; and that there is a world beyond the grave, where the injustice of this shall cease, and a crown of immortality be the reward of those who in meek resignation to the dispensations of their heavenly Father, have borne patiently the afflictions of this short and, at best, miserable existence.

No wonder that such a form of prayer should have spread throughout every kingdom of the globe. No wonder that every Catholic worthy of the name, takes care to teach it to his children, and recites it every evening in the bosom of his family. No wonder that during the last six centuries, countless millions have enrolled themselves in the association whose object it is to repeat this prayer, and to learn from it lessons of the purest and most exalted virtues. No wonder that the Church, exulting in their devotion, and consoled, amidst the deluge of iniquity that almost covers the earth, by their regular attendance at the sacraments, their zeal for religion, their fraternal charity and unfeigned humility, should have profusely bestowed on them the treasures of merits confided to her keeping, by granting them numberless indulgences; or that to their

prayers she ascribes one of the most signal victories of modern times, the victory which, at Lepanto, broke down the power of the Mussulman, and hindered the blind and sensual superstition of Mahommed from effacing every trace of civilization and piety on the earth.—*Rev. J. P. Leahy.*

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## DESTRUCTION OF PAGAN ROME.

"TOTILA, the Goth," says Procopius (who served in the staff of Belisarius, and was his secretary), "determined to level Rome with the ground, and make the region where it stood a place of pasturage for flocks and herds." Preparations were made to overturn the monuments and trophies that still survived so many ravages, and to destroy the palaces and temples by fire. These he spared, at the instance of an embassy sent by Belisarius, from where he lay with the forces of the Greek Emperor at Ostia; but the walls he caused to be in great part demolished, and carried away as captives the miserable remnant of the senate and the Roman people, with their wives and children. He suffered no one to remain behind, so that the city was a perfect solitude. The Chronicle of Marcellinus adds, that for forty days and upwards Rome had no

inhabitants but wild beasts and birds of prey. It was towards the close of this interval, that Belisarius felt a desire to visit and survey with his own eyes, the ruins of a place that had been the theatre of so much grandeur and renown; and with this view, he sallied forth from the sea-port at the head of a strong squadron of his guards.

A marble wilderness extended on every side, as far as the eye could reach, strewed with the ruins of Vitruvian villas, temples, and aqueducts; the waste waters of the latter had filled all the valleys, and overflowed the low grounds of the Campagna, converting into marshes and mantling pools, those regions which, erewhile, had abounded with all the delights of the Hesperides. The thoroughfares of the nations were silent and lonely as the double line of tombs through which they passed. The towers and inscriptions over the gates had been torn down, and their bronze portals carried off in the plunder-train of the barbarian. The rock-built walls of Rome lay low; and the tramp of their war-horses was muffled by the grass, as Belisarius and his troops rode under a succession of dismantled arches, down towards the forum, along the "sacred way."

The fox looked out from the casements of the Palatine, and barked sharply at the intruders as they rode on; wolves prowled through the vacant streets, or littered in the palace halls; wild dogs

hunted, in packs, through the great circus, through the baths, along the Campus Martius, and on to the gardens of Sallust and Mercænas, through the promenades of the Suburra. Outlandish beasts—as if escaped from the menageries and keeps of the amphitheatres—lay sleeping and enjoying themselves in the sunshine of the porticoes, or tore one another to pieces, as the factions had done of old, around the rostrum, and in the assembly-place of the people; others growled and snarled, and gloated over the unburied carcasses and whitening skeletons of the dead. Ravens and vultures desisted from feeding their sanguinary nestlings, to hoot the warriors, as they wound slowly among the prostrate columns and entablatures of temples that encumbered the ascent to the capitol, or, starting from their perching-place on trophy and triumphal arch, hovered and flapped their sable wings above the plumage of their helmets. Once more, the Roman eagle soars above the Tarpeian tower—that eyrie from whence, for a thousand years, it had flown forth to carnage; and the martial bugle makes the field of Mars resound again. But instead of the warlike response of legions—clamoring to be lead against the Samnite or the Parthian—there broke out a hideous medley of yells and howling, yelp, bark, and roar, outtopped by the shrill cries of ill-omened birds, startled from their roosts in the sanctuary recesses,

and from the niches and corners of the senate house. The warriors listened for some human sound. In vain they listened, and listened again! There was the Palatine, the forum, the capitol, the Campus Martius, and the Tiber, flowing under the beauteous summer sky beneath the Tarpeian cliff: but the legions, the emperors, the senate, and the Roman people, where were they? When that savage uproar had at last subsided save a casual outbreak of a howl or bark reverberating dismally among the ruins, and along the valleys and the river banks, all within the boundaries of the seven hills was again as silent as the grave!

Never had mortal eye beheld a catastrophe more impressive. Fortune had turned back upon her steps, and made it her sport to reverse everything, upon that very scene, where, beyond all others, men had become elated with imagining that she had, at length, descended from her slippery globe forever, and fixed her perpetual sojourn. But it would seem as if she lured the Romans to the highest pinnacle of grandeur and felicity, only to render their downfall the more tremendous—had helped them to build up testimonials of boundless empire, and to stamp a character of eternity upon their works, merely that the vouchers of her own instability might endure forever.

After being deified by the prostrate earth and having temples, and priests, and altars, conse-

crated for their worship, the emperors of Rome were led about as harlequins to grace the triumph and contribute mirth to the carousals of the Goths. The iron legions, that had trodden down the nations, had been trodden down in their turn. The slave had seen his tyrant lord a suppliant at his feet for life, at his gate for bread; to escape from dignities, for which the Gracchi, the Scipios and Cæsars had contended, men of patrician lineage had themselves branded and ranked as slaves. To be a Roman, once a distinction prouder than that of royalty, had become the vilest badge of infamy. The lords of palaces that resembled cities, and of estates that included kingdoms within their limits, saw themselves without a home or a rood of land. "In this revolution, the sons and daughters of Roman consuls tasted the misery which they had so often spurned or relieved, wandered in tattered garments through the streets of the city, and begged for the most sordid pittance, perhaps without success, before the gates of their hereditary mansions;" others expired of famine upon silken couches, amid halls of more than regal splendor, or were led away (a lot still more insupportable) to minister to the rude conquerors, amid devastated villas and gardens, that reminded them of many a bright summer time passed in dalliance and enjoyment. To the very weft, the Fates had unravelled their most gorgeous tissue, and

from the ruins of the Palatine and the capitol, had abandoned the fame of kings, consuls and emperors to the scoffing winds.

Even the memorials of her ancient glories served, and that not a little, to multiply and increase the calamities of Rome. The sight of them infuriated the barbarians. They made it a sacred duty to slaughter the craving multitudes they found loitering round and boasting alliances with monuments, intended to perpetuate the memory of the injuries and insults inflicted by their sires upon humanity; and it would seem as if so many millions had been gathered into one place, by allurements of largesses, shows, and every sensual indulgence, that the scythe of the destroyer might mow them down with the greater facility and expedition. The metropolis of the nations had become their sepulchre; and the soil of their pampered bodies fattened and almost filled up the valleys of the seven hills.—*Dr. Miley.*

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## THE REASONING OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN.

Speaking of the truth, "out of the Church there is no salvation," I remember a very amusing story, related by Father de Smet, the

famous American missionary. "Amongst the Indians converted on the frontiers of Canada," said he, "is a certain Jean Baptiste, of whose family I am ignorant. This Jean Baptiste had been formerly a thief. On his conversion, the Black Robe enjoined him to make restitution of two dollars to a Calvinist minister in the neighborhood. Our man presents himself at the minister's house, when the following dialogue ensues: 'Well, what do you want?' said the preacher. 'Me rob you. Black Robe say to me, "Jean Baptiste, you give back the money." 'What money?' 'Two dollars; me bad savage, take from you—me now good Christian; me have the water of baptism on my head; me child of the Great Spirit. Here, take the money.' 'That is well. Steal no more. Good-day, Jean Baptiste.' '*Good-day* not enough; me want something else.' 'And what do you want?' 'Me want a receipt.' 'A receipt! what need is there of a receipt? Did the Black Robe tell you to ask it?' 'Black Robe say nothing; Jean Baptiste (pointing at himself with his finger) want a receipt.' 'But what do you want with a receipt? You stole from me what you now give back; that is enough.' 'No, no, not enough; listen, you old, me young; you die first, me die after, you understand?' 'I do *not* understand; what do you mean?' 'Listen again; that will say much, that will say all. Me knock at the gate of heaven, the

great chief, St. Peter, he open and he say, "That you, Jean Baptiste? what you want?" "My chief, me want to go in the lodge of the Great Spirit." "And your sins?" "Black Robe he forgive them all." "But you rob the minister—did you give back that money? You show me your receipt." Now you see how it is with poor Jean Baptiste, poor Indian with no receipt, he run all over hell to find you, because no salvation out of Black Robe's Church.'"—*Daily Rewards* (*Recompenses hebdomadaires*), No. CV., 29.

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## PASS THAT TO YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Regarding the sanctification of festivals, I will tell you a rather amusing anecdote which I read in the *Magazin Pittoresque*. The Duke of Brunswick, Charles William, who lived some threescore years ago, very properly attached great importance to the religious observance of Sundays and holydays. One day, he learns that some villagers had the bad habit of assembling at the time of divine service in a tavern, and spending in drinking all the time they should have passed hearing Mass and instructions, or assisting at Vespers. The exhortations of the priest, even the remonstrances of the magistrates,

had not been able to break these topers off their evil habit. The Duke, attired in a coarse overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, repairs one Sunday to the inn pointed out to him. Just as the bell was calling the faithful to church, arrives the troop of tipplers, preceded by a large, heavy personage who, by his rubicund nose and flaming red face, might easily be recognized as the president of the jolly band. He sits down at the upper end of the table, and without a word said, places the duke beside him, not, however, without throwing a look of distrust on this guest, whom no one remembered having seen there before. Meanwhile the innkeeper sets before the president an enormous pitcher of brandy. The latter takes it in his two hands, swallows a good draught and gives it to the Duke, saying: "Pass that to your neighbor!" The pitcher thus makes the circuit of the table, then returns to the president, who after having given it a cordial embrace, puts it again into circulation. Each guest lays hold of it in turn with right good will, and hands it to the next saying: "Pass that to your neighbor." At the third round of the blessed pitcher, the duke rises in a fury, and, unbuttoning his overcoat, so as to let all present see his well known uniform and the insigna of royalty, then strikes the president wiih all his might, saying: "Pass that to your neighbor!" As the latter hesitated, the Duke seizes his sword and cries out so loud that no one

could possibly be mistaken: "Let any of you that strikes too light or too slowly beware of me, for I will make an example of him!" At these words, every arm rises, blows fall like rain from one end of the table to the other, five or six times in succession, till at length the Duke, satisfied with the punishment he had inflicted on this incorrigible set of topers, leaves them to themselves and retires to his palace. They say, and I can easily believe it, that on the following Sunday, not one of them was tempted to go to the tavern; on the contrary, they were amongst the first to go to church, both at Mass and Vespers.—*Magazin Pittoresque*, 1844, *p.* 208.

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## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

NEXT morning, being Friday, the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion.

But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. . . .

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, which had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their

duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. . . .

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behavior, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed

with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance; all sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and turn to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe

measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was

more mild and warm, and during the night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept on deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing in the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "Land! Land!" was heard from the *Pinta* which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with rivulets, presented the

aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the "Te Deum," as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plans; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European

who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied by lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and

tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper color; their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall they were well shaped and active. Their faces and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them haw-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening Columbus returned to his ship accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rode them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction.—*Robertson.*

## CHIVALRY.

THE same spirit of enterprise which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims of Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land under the dominion of infidels put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the insolence of overgrown oppressors; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect or to avenge women, orphans and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs and remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valor, humanity, courtesy, justice, honor were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the Order by solemnities no less devout than pompous, every person of noble birth courted that honor; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it from the hands of private gentlemen.

The singular institution, in which valor, gallantry, and religion were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of

martial nobles: and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman; because chivalry was regarded as the school of honor, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to these points. The admiration of those qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprises. But they deeply imprinted on their minds the principles of generosity and honor. These were strengthened by everything that can affect the senses or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures are well known. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honor—

the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners—may be ascribed in a great measure to this institution, which has appeared whimsical to superficial observers, but by its effects has proved of great benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigor and reputation of the institution itself began to decline.—*Robertson.*

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## NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS WHO ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

Among the most remarkable traits of the genius of the great Napoleon, was the faculty he possessed of intuitively discovering the merits of his subordinate officers, and the promptitude with which he availed himself of their talents by employing them in the positions best suited to their respective capacities. This contributed in no small degree to those military successes which astonished his contemporaries, and which had no parallel in the history of the world.

Never was a commander abler served, and never

had soldiers a more generous and discriminating leader. No wonder that his memory is revered in France, notwithstanding all the terrible sacrifices which his insatiable ambition called upon her to make in the name of glory.

Nearly all Napoleon's most distinguished generals were of humble origin, and rose from the ranks of the republican army by the force of that inborn genius which only great occasions like the French revolution can develop.

Thus Bernadotte, the most fortunate of all those generals, and the only permanent monarch created by the revolution, was an attorney's son who at the age of fifteen enlisted as a private in the royal marines. When the revolution broke out, he had served ten years and was still but a sergeant; but four years after we find him a general of division, and his good fortune adhered to him until he was finally crowned king of Sweden.

Massena, "the favored child of victory," was at first a sailor boy, and subsequently a full private, and had served fourteen years previous to the revolution, without obtaining a higher rank than that of sergeant, when he left the army in disgust at not being able to obtain a sub-lieutenancy. The revolution, however, recalled him, and from 1793 he was general of division. In 1796 he was with the army of Italy, and so effectual did Bonaparte consider his co-operation, that, on one occasion, he wrote to him: "Your corps is stronger than those

of the other generals ; your own services are equivalent to six thousand men."

On the same day that Napoleon became emperor, Massena found himself a marshal of France.

Michael Ney, the "bravest of the brave," was the son of a poor cooper ; at the age of seventeen he enlisted as a private in the hussars. In 1793 he was appointed lieutenant, and rose rapidly, until, in 1804, he was made marshal of France. But the campaign of 1806-7 raised the reputation of Ney more than all his preceding achievements, and obtained for him, with the unanimous voice of an army of heroes, the proud title which distinguishes his name far more than that of "Prince of the Moskwa," which he subsequently won on the field which decided the fate of the ancient capital of Russia.

Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello—the first man who crossed the "terrible bridge of Lodi," and who from his impetuous valor, was surnamed the "Ajax" of the French army, was the son of a poor mechanic, and was about to be bound apprentice to some humble calling, when he ran away and enlisted. He became one of Napoleon's greatest favorites and most attached friends.

Murat, by far the most remarkable of Napoleon's marshals, and the greatest cavalry soldier the world has ever seen, was the son of a poor village inn-keeper, and was at first intended for

the Church but he soon found his vocation, and enlisted into a chasseur regiment. He subsequently became King of Naples and brother-in-law to the Emperor.

Andoche Junot, the son of a small farmer of Bussy-les-Forges, was born October 23, 1771. Of his military exploits nothing is known until the siege of Toulon, in 1793. Napoleon, then lieutenant of artillery, while constructing a battery under the fire of the English, having occasion to prepare a despatch, asked for some one who could use a pen. A young sergeant stepped out, and, leaning on the breastwork, wrote as he dictated. Just as he finished , a shot struck the ground by his side, and the paper was covered by the dust and loose earth thrown up by the ball. "Good," said the soldier, laughing; "this time I shall have no need of sand." The cool gayety of this remark fixed the attention of Bonaparte, and made the fortune of the sergeant.

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## FATHER KIRCHER'S GLOBE.

A FAMOUS German astronomer, Father Kircher, a Jesuit, wishing to convince one of his acquaintances who doubted the existence of a Supreme Being, made use of the following expedient: Just

when he was expecting a visit from this gentleman, he caused a magnificent celestial globe to be placed in a corner of the room. Scarcely had the person entered, when he remarked the globe, and asked Father Kircher to whom it belonged. The astronomer replied that it did not belong to him, that it had no owner. "Of course," he added, "it must have come there by mere chance." "You are jesting now," said the visitor. But the Father insisted on it that he was perfectly serious. At last, when he perceived that his visitor began to show some annoyance, he took occasion to address him in these words: "You will not believe, and would even think it foolish to admit, that this little globe exists of itself, and is found by chance in the place where found." He knew not what answer to make to this so simple argument. He saw clearly how absurd it was to attribute to chance the admirable order which reigns throughout the universe.—(*Schmid et Belet, Cat. Hist.*, I., 54)

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## INFIDEL PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE.

THE infidel philosophy of the last age was the child of the Reformation. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a sect of deists had sprung

up in Protestant Switzerland. As early as the reign of James the First, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, commenced that long series of English deists, consisting of Chubb, Collins, Shaftesbury, Toland, and Bolingbroke, the friend of Voltaire. Bayle, who at the commencement of the eighteenth century, introduced infidelity into France, was a Protestant; and so was Rousseau, the eloquent apostle of deism, and who did nothing more than develop the principles of Protestantism.

Voltaire and his fellow-conspirators against the Christian religion, borrowed most of their weapons from the arsenal of the English deists; and the philosopher of Ferney was, in his youth, the friend and guest of Bolingbroke. So Protestantism, which often, though falsely, taunts the Catholic Church with having given birth to unbelief, lies, itself, clearly open to that imputation. Let us take a glance at the character of the leaders of the great anti-Christian confederacy in France.

Bayle was a writer of great erudition, and extreme subtlety of reasoning. His "Dictionnaire Philosophique" is, even at the present day, often consulted. Montesquieu, one of the most manly intellects of the eighteenth century, unfortunately devoted to the wretched philosophy of the day the powers which God had given him for a nobler purpose. His strong sense, indeed, and extensive learning, guarded him against the

wilder excesses of unbelief; but the absence of strong religious conviction left him without a compass and a chart on the wide ocean of political and ethical investigations.

Rousseau was a man of the most impassioned eloquence and vigorous reasoning; but a mind withal so sophistical, that, according to the just observation of La Harpe, even truth itself deceives us in his writings. His firm belief in the existence of the Deity, and the immortality of the soul, as well as in the necessity of virtue for a future state of happiness, and some remarkable tributes to the Divinity, and the blessed influences of the Christian religion, give, at times, to the pages of Rousseau a warmth and a splendor we rarely find in the other infidel writers of the last century.

Inferior to Rousseau in eloquence and logical power, the sophist of Ferney possessed a more various and versatile talent. Essaying philosophy and history, and poetry—tragic, comic, and epic; the novel, the romance, the satire, the epigram, he directed all his powers to one infernal purpose—the spread of irreligion, and thought his labor lost as long as Christ retained one worshipper! Unlike the more impassioned sophist of Geneva, rarely do we meet in his writings with a generous sentiment or a tender emotion. But all that elevates and thrills humanity—the sanctities of religion, the nobleness of virtue, the purity of the domestic hearth, the ex-

pansiveness of friendship, the generosity of patriotism, the majesty of law, were polluted by his ribald jest and fiend-like mockery. "Like those insects that corrode the roots of the most precious plants, he strives," says Count de Maistre, "to corrupt youth and women."

And it is to be observed that, despite the great progress of religion in France within the last fifty years; though the aristocracy of French literature has long rejected the yoke of Voltaire, he still reigns in its lower walks, and the novel, and the satire, and the ballad, still feel his deadly influence. The only truth which this writer did not assail, was the existence of God; but every other dogma of religion became the butt of his ridicule.

A more advanced phase of infidelity was represented by d'Alembert, Diderot, and others; they openly advocated materialism and atheism. In the Encyclopedia they strove to array all arts and sciences against the Christian religion. It was, indeed, a tower of Babel, raised up by man's impiety against God. It was a tree of knowledge without a graft from the tree of life. In mathematics and physics only did d'Alembert attain to a great eminence. Diderot was a much inferior intellect, that strove to make up, by the phrenetic violence of his declamation, for the utter hollowness of his ideas. It was he who gave to Raynal that frothy rhetoric, and those turgid invectives

against priests and kings, which the latter wove into his history of the European settlements in the East and West Indies.

The great Buffon, though he condescended to do homage to the miserable philosophy of his day, yet, by the nobleness of his sentiments, as well as by the majesty of his genius, often rose superior to the doctrine he professed.

Bernardine de St. Pierre was another great painter of nature. His better feelings at times led him to Christianity, but his excessive vanity drove him back to the opposite opinions. What shall I say of the remaining wretched herd of materialists and atheists,—a Baron d'Holbach, a Helvetius, a La Mettrie, a Cabanis, and others? It has been well said by a great writer, that materialism is something below humanity. And while debasing man to a level with the brute, it takes from him all the nobler instincts of his own nature; it fails to give him in return those of the lower animals. So deep a perversion of man's moral and intellectual being we cannot conceive.

We cannot realize (and happily for us we cannot) that awful eclipse of the understanding which denies God. We have a mingled feeling of terror and of pity, when we contemplate those miserable souls, that, as the great Italian poet, Dante, says, have lost the supreme intelligential bliss. When that great idea of God is extinguished in the human mind, what remains to man?

*Nature abhors a vacuum*, said the old naturalists; with what horror then must we recoil from that void which atheism creates?—a void in the intelligence, a void in the conscience, a void in the affections, a void in society, a void in domestic life. The human mind is swung from its orbit; it wanders through trackless space; and the reign of chaos and old night returns.

What a lamentable abuse of all the noblest gifts of intellect, wit, and eloquence, imagination and reasoning! And for the accomplishment of what purpose? For the overthrow of religion, natural and revealed religion, the guide of existence, the great moral teacher, which solves all the problems of life, which tells our origin and destiny, our duties to our Creator and our fellow-creatures, the foundation of the family and of the State—religion, the instructress of youth, and the prop of age; the balm of wounded minds, and the moderator of human joys; which controls the passions, yet imparts a zest to innocent pleasures; which survives the illusions of youth, and the disappointments of manhood; consoles us in life, and supports us in death.

Such were the blessings that perverted genius strove to snatch from mankind. Yet the time was at hand, when the proud Titans, who sought to storm Heaven, were to be driven back by the thunderbolts of Almighty wrath, and hurled down into the lowest depths of Tartarus.

But, even in regard to literature and science, the influence of this infidel party was most pernicious. How could *they* understand nature, who rested their eyes on its surface only, but never pierced to its inner depths? How could they understand the philosophy of history, who denied the providence of God, and the free will of man? How could they comprehend metaphysics, who disowned God, and knew nothing of man's origin, nor of his destiny? And, was an abject materialism compatible with the aspirations of poetry?

Classical philology, too, shared the fate of poetry and of history; and in education was made to give place to mathematics and the natural sciences. Hence, from this period dates the decline of philological studies in France. The men of genius of whom infidelity could boast, like Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, and d'Alembert, were men who had been trained up in a Christian country, had received a Christian education, and whose minds had been imbued with the doctrines and the ethics of Christianity and had partially retained these sentiments in the midst of their unbelief. But, let unbelief sink deep into a nation's mind—let it form its morals, and fashion its manners—and we shall soon see how barbarism of taste and coarseness of habits will be associated with moral depravity and mental debasement. Look at the godless literature of the French Republic from 1790 to

1805, and at that of the Empire down to 1814. What contemptible mediocrity of intellect; what wretched corruption of taste!

But in the Catholic literature, which, after a long sleep revives under Napoleon, and afterwards under the Bourbons, what fulness of life, what energy do we not discover! What brilliancy of fancy and fervor of feeling in Chateaubriand! What depth of thought and majesty of diction in the philosopher, De Bonald! What profound intuitions—what force and plausibility of style in the great Count de Maistre! What vigorous ratiocination—what burning eloquence, in De Lammennais before his fall! What elevation of feeling and harmony of numbers in the lyric poet, Lamartine! Except in the semi-pantheistic school, represented by Victor Cousin and his friends, French infidelity in the present age, whether in literature or in philosophy, has no first-rate talent to display. Yet of this school, Jouffroy died repenting his errors, and Victor Cousin himself has lately returned to the bosom of the Church.

—*Professor Robertson.*

## O'CONNELL.

But give me the practical Catholic, the intellectual man! Give me the man of faith. Give me the man of human power and intelligence, and the higher power, divine principle and divine love! With that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world.

Let me speak to you, in conclusion, of such a man. Let me speak to you, of one whose form, as I beheld it in early youth, now looms up before me; so fills, in imagination, the halls of my memory, that I behold him now as I beheld him years ago, majestic in stature, an eye gleaming with intellectual power, a mighty hand uplifted, waving, quivering with honest indignation; his voice thundering like the voice of a god in the tempest, against all injustice and all dishonor. I speak of Ireland's greatest son, the immortal Daniel O'Connell. He came. He found a nation the most faithful, the most generous on the face of the earth; he found a people not deficient in any power of human intelligence or human courage; chaste in their domestic relations, reliable to each other, and truthful—and above all, a people who, for centuries and centuries, had lived, and died, and suffered to uphold the Faith and the Cross. He came, and he found that people, after the rebellion of Ninety-Eight, down-trodden

in the blood-stained dust, and bound in chains. The voice of Ireland was silent. The heart of the nation was broken. Every privilege, civil and otherwise, was taken from them. They were commanded, as the only condition of the toleration of their existence, to lie down in their blood-stained fetters of slavery, and to be grateful to the hand that only left them life. He brought to that prostrate people a Christian spirit and a Christian soul. He brought his mighty faith in God and in God's Holy Church. He brought his great human faith in the power of justice, and in the omnipotence of right. He roused the people from their lethargy. He sent the cry for justice throughout the land, and he proved his own sincerity to Ireland and to her cause, by laying down an income of sixty thousand dollars a year, that he might enter into her service. He showed the people the true secret of their strength himself. Thundering to-day for justice in the halls of the English Senate, on the morrow morning he was seen in the confessional, and kneeling at the altar to receive his God—with one hand leaning upon the eternal cause of God's justice, the other leaning upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Upheld by these, and by the power of his own genius, he left his mark upon his age; he left his mark upon his country! This was indeed, the "Man of his Day!" the Christian man, of whom the world stood in awe—faithful as a husband and father; faithful as a friend;

the delight of all who knew him! faithful in his disinterested labors! with an honorable, honest spirit of self-devotion in his country's cause! He raised that prostrate form; he struck the chains from those virgin arms, and placed upon her head a crown of free worship and free education. He made Ireland to be, in a great measure, what he always prayed and hoped she might be, "The Queen of the Western Isles, and the proudest gem that the Atlantic bears upon the surface of its green waters." Oh, if there were a few more like him! Oh, that our race would produce a few more like him! Our O'Connell was Irish of the Irish, and Catholic of the Catholic. We are Irish and we are Catholic. How is it we have not more men like him? Is the stamina wanting to us? Is the intellect wanting to us? Is the power of united expression in the interests of society wanting to us? No! But the religious Irishman of our day refuses to be educated, and the educated Irishman of to-day refuses to be religious. These two go hand in hand. Unite the highest education with the deepest and tenderest practical love of God and of your religion, and I see before me, in many of the young faces on which I look, the stamp of our Irish genius; I see before me many who may be the fathers and legislators of the Republic, the leaders of our race, and the heroes of our common country and our common religion.

—*Father Burke.*

## IRELAND IN AMERICA.

YES; if there be one passion that has outlived every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness, and for Ireland's glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it, to hold it—the glory of the faith that has never been tarnished; the glory of the national honor that has never bowed down to acknowledge itself a slave. And my friends, the burden and the responsibility of that glory is yours and mine to-night. The glory of Ireland's priesthood; the glory of St. Columba; the glories of Iona and of Lindisfarne weigh upon me with a tremendous responsibility to be of all other men what the Irish priest and monk must be, because of that glorious history; the glory of the battle that has been so long fighting and is not yet closed; the glory of that faith that has been so long and so well defended and guarded; the glory of that national virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility this night. I and you, men, feel as Irishmen, and as Catholics, that you and I to-night are bound to show the world what Irishmen and Catholics have been in the ages before us, and what they intend to be in the ages to come—a nation and a

Church that has never allowed a stain to be fixed upon the national banner nor upon the national altar—a nation and a Church who, in spite of its hard fate and its misfortunes, can still look the world in the face; for on Ireland's virgin brow no stain of dishonor or of perfidy has ever been placed. In sobriety, in industry, in manly self-respect, in honest pride of everything that an honest man ought to be proud of—in all these, and in respect for the laws of this mighty country, lie the secret of your honor and of your national power and purity Mark my words! Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the laws; and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, yet upon you and me, so that when returning to visit for a time the shores from which we came, we shall land upon the shores of a free and glorious and unfettered nation.—*Father Burke.*

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## ARE THERE SEVERAL TRUE CHURCHES?

THERE is but one only true Church; and that is so evident that no one possessed of even ordinary good sense can anywise doubt it. Here are two or three little stories on the subject. A Catholic priest and a Protestant minister were

one day walking together; they chanced to meet a Jewish rabbi. "Hold," said the Protestant minister, laughing, "we three are of so many different religions; now, which of us has the true one?" "I will tell you that," said the rabbi; "if the Messiah is not yet come, it is I; if the Messiah be come, it is this Catholic priest; but as for you, whether the Messiah be come or not, *you* are not in the right way." "I do not like those who change their religion," said a Protestant prince of Germany to the Count de Stolberg, recently converted to the Catholic faith. "Nor I, either," answered the doctor, "for if my ancestors had not changed, I should not have been obliged to return to Catholicity." And that is very true, my young friends; a Protestant who becomes a Catholic does not change his religion; he does but return to the way which his forefathers were wrong in quitting. An excellent answer was made, on this subject, by a French ambassador, ill at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. Some one asked him whether, in case he died there, he would not be sorry to have his ashes mingle with those of heretics. "No," he replied "I would only ask to have the earth dug a little deeper, and I should be amongst your ancestors, who were Catholics like myself."—*Schmid et Belet, Cat. Hist., I*, 303.

## RESIGNATION OF CHARLES V.

This great emperor, in the plenitude of his power, and in possession of all the honors which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary resolution to resign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in business or the affairs of this world, in order that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude.

Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary discernment, to discover that the state of royalty is not exempt from cares and disappointments; though most of those who are exalted to a throne, find solicitude, and satiety, and disgust, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied pre-eminence; yet, to descend voluntarily from the supreme to a subordinate station, and to relinquish the possession of power in order to attain the enjoyment of happiness, seems to be an effort too great for the human mind.

Several instances, indeed, occur in history, of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes, who took this resolution rashly, and repented of it as soon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whose hands some strong rival had wrested their sceptre, and com-

pelled them to descend with reluctance into a private station.

Diocletian is, perhaps, the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever resigned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy the tranquillity of retirement, without fetching one penitent sigh, or casting back one look of desire towards the power or dignity which he had abandoned.

No wonder, then, that Charles's resignation should fill all Europe with astonishment, and give rise, both among his contemporaries and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition operate with full force on the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardor, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected.

The Emperor, in pursuance of his determination, having assembled the states of the Low Countries at Brussels, seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire standing behind him.

The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intention

in calling this extraordinary meeting of the state. He then read the instrument of resignation by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir; and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal that they had manifested during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory; he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration.

He observed, that from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasures; that either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, and the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea.

That while his health permitted him to dis-

charge his duty, and the vigor of his constitution was equal in any degree to the arduous office of governing dominions so extensive, he had never shunned labor nor repined under fatigue; that now when his health was broken, and his vigor exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper his growing infirmities admonished him to retire.

Nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigor of youth all the attention and sagacity of maturer years.

That if during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amid the attention which he had been obliged to give to them he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness.

That for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to Almighty God would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," said he, "I had left you by my death this rich inheritance to which I had made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expression of thanks on your part.

"With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you.

"Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign,

he sunk into the chair exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of so extraordinary an effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some from admiration of his magnanimity; by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks after the resignation of the Netherlands, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

Nothing now remained to detain him from that retreat for which he languished. Everything having been prepared some time for his voyage, he set out for Zuitberg in Zealand, where the fleet had orders to rendezvous.

In his way thither, he passed through Ghent; and after stopping there a few days, to indulge that tender and pleasing melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life,

on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth, he pursued his journey, accompanied by his son Philip, his daughter the archduchess, his sisters the dowager queens of France and Hungary, Maximilian his son-in-law, and a numerous retinue of the Flemish nobility.

Before he went on board, he dismissed them, with marks of his attention or regard; and taking leave of Philip with all the tenderness of a father who embraced his son for the last time, he set sail under convoy of a large fleet of Spanish, Flemish, and English ships.

His voyage was prosperous, and agreeable; and he arrived at Laredo in Biscay, on the eleventh day after he left Zealand. As soon as he landed, he fell prostrate on the ground; and considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind."

From Laredo he proceeded to Valladolid. There he took a last and tender leave of his two sisters; whom he would not permit to accompany him to his solitude, though they entreated it with tears; not only that they might have the consolation of contributing, by their attendance and care, to mitigate or to soothe his sufferings, but that they might reap instruction and benefit, by joining with him in those pious exercises, to which

he had consecrated the remainder of his days.

From Valladolid, he continued his journey to Plazencia in Estremadura. He had passed through that city a great many years before; and having been struck at that time with the delightful situation of the monastery of St. Justus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, not many miles distant from that place, he had then observed to some of his attendants, that this was a spot to which Diocletian might have retired with pleasure.

The impression had remained so strong on his mind, that he pitched upon it as the place of his retreat. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain.

Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation, but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present station, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner.

They were on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles

himself had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants, which he purposed to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions.

Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe; filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

In this retirement, Charles formed such a plan of life for himself as would have suited the condition of a private person of a moderate fortune. His table was neat but plain; his domestics few; his intercourse with them familiar; all the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social ease and tranquillity which he courted, in order to soothe the remainder of his days.

As the mildness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government procured him, at first, a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete satisfaction in this humble soli-

tude than all his grandeur had ever yielded him.

The ambitious thoughts and projects which had so long engrossed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them ; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned, with all the contempt and indifference arising from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares.—*Robertson.*

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## CHARLES V. PERFORMS THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR HIMSELF.

About this time [August 1558], according to the historian of St. Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honor to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother and wife. But now he ordered further

solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed, in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered without his taking any thought about the matter. "But," persisted Charles, "would it not be good for my soul?" The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the solemn mass for

the dead was sung he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestment, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed.—*Maxwell.*

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## UNCERTAINTY OF DEATH.

Death, though most terrific, is made omnipotently awful by the uncertainty of the moment it may come. No man can count upon the certainty of one day—one hour—one minute—one second—one second!!! Not to know but in one second our soul may be summoned into the presence of God, to give an account of our lives—in one second to have our fate determined for all eternity! This thought is sufficient to mar the pleasures of the most exalted station on earth, and to humble the proudest spirit that ever appeared amongst men—this salutary thought ought to fill the soul with decided love and fear of God. In one second each of us may be deprived of all we possess—

health, friends, wealth, life—in one second buried in the dust, a lifeless corse—shunned by the whole world—the terror of all the living—the horror even of those we loved best. Great Ruler of the world—Master of all things—Mighty Father of all the living—in what a condition of dependence hast thou placed the human race! With what imploring entreaty should they unceasingly petition heaven for aid, when the entire human population cannot command one second of time for their own! Great Lord! this world ceases to be beautiful, when the pale shadow of decay everywhere darkens its flowers and obscures its bright sun. O Lord! life, without the hope of eternity, is no boon, since it is wrenched from the young bride in her early joy, and snatched from youth and beauty just as they have culled the flowers to make a wreath for the summer. Oh, what is this world!

In childhood everything looks gay and smiling, and unconscious youth sees every path strewed with flowers—yet death, that lurks in the breath, stops it before its prime, and lays it in the tomb. If we reach manhood, who is there that, with one glance of the past, does not see the companions of his youth taken from his side? No room in which the dismal shadow of death has not fallen—no chair from which he does not miss some friend—and if we be so fated as to escape ourselves till old age, is not life perhaps worse than death—left

alone like a tree in a forest, which has escaped the rage of the tempest? Does not the wreck about us place in our view one universal tomb—does not everything round the old man give a bitter taste of death—is not even the home of the old man a grave—death on every side? Is not this the tomb? Just like a winter sun setting dimly behind the storm-clouds of the west, and throwing a grey, half light on the cold, hoary churchyard, in the cold evening of life, as we sink from this world, the small spark that still remains only serves to give to existence a colder aspect, and to make the state of old age and the state of the grave nearly the same.

All the wealth of this world cannot purchase one moment of time. This world, then, with all its titles, and grandeur, and power, is a dream which ends with this life. Though it is hard to bear adversity, yet an humble state is certainly less dangerous than an exalted one—the taste of death is less bitter to the poor than to the rich; it is hard to feel want here—true; but how bear the bleak churchyard? it is painful to be passed by in cold contempt by the great—true; but how bear the horrors of the tomb? we grieve when we are deprived of society—true; but Father of the living and the dead! how shall the voluptuous bear the rot of the grave? Their bodies will lie for centuries—yes, many a century will roll its unvarying course over our fallen pride—many a

rising sun will pour its morning splendor over our green graves—many a setting sun will shed its departing lustre over our forgotten ashes—and ages will pass on, and generations will rise and fall, and kingdoms and empires be remodelled, and grow up and decay, and the sun will a thousand times begin and end his course, while the cold sleep of death, heavy death, will still reign for ages over our mouldering dust, in deep, and dismal, and unbroken silence.

To be sure, you say, God made this world, and we must live here according to His will. True, He did; He made society, and we must live in it—true, He did so; innocent amusements cannot hurt the soul—true, they cannot—so we say—agreed, agreed. I must agree—we are in this world, and we must taste it—so we say—true; but, after all this fine reasoning, go to the vaults of the dead for an hour—see the lamps flickering along the frightful passages—look at the mounting of the coffins as they glare and glisten in death—see the coffins piled in their dreary recesses—read on the mouldering breastplate the names of the young and beautiful—pause at each recess, and see each family of coffins as they lie in death together—feel the taste and the smell of death on the cold, damp air—don't go away—and wait—wait till all the lamps are extinguished—hear the heavy iron door closed and locked—and listen to the echo of the bolt reverberating along the dark

arches—and give one look again into the silent abode of the dead, where they are to sleep for ages, and then, standing at the door, and looking in still, talk of the amusements of society. I say there is no man living, with a heart alive to impressions, could enjoy society with these images before him—he must despise the world if he have common feeling—I defy him to feel otherwise. This was the the feeling of the saints—the feeling by which they saved their souls—and to the absence of this feeling we may trace our indifference, our coldness, perhaps the irreligion of the great bulk of mankind.

The feelings of a soul just quitting this world, and entering into the next, cannot be told. Every view before it is infinite—God, eternity—its hopes infinite if it be holy—it looks at heaven—its fears infinite if it be in mortal guilt, because it gazes on the deep, deep abyss. Like an atom in the midst of space, after it rises from the plunge of death—like an atom, it appears in the midst of surrounding infinity—like one ray of light compared with the golden flood of all creation—like one ray of light, its bright essence appears before the ethereal glory of heaven. Immortal soul! what a change from the confinement in deceased human flesh, when set free as thought through the illimitable empire of God! It sees the eternal gates of heaven open wide, which Jesus Christ, at His death, commanded never again to be closed:

myriads of suns burn on the eternal hills of Paradise; and light, like streaks of gold, covers the skies with effulgent lustre over the throne of God.

What language can tell the multitudinous loss of a soul banished from God—flung from heaven as far as omnipotent Power can cast it—suffering a torture conceived in God's anger and excited by almighty rage—dwelling at an infinite distance from heaven, where no ray of light can ever reach it from far distant creation—tossed on a burning ocean, where there is no relief—surrounded by tempests of fire, where the black wave rolls forever in swollen terror, without ever breaking on a friendly shore—where the voice of lamentation is ever heard—where despair, rage, agony, blasphemy, are the feelings that rend the undying feeling of the eternal victim. God of Justice! what a destiny awaits the soul of man—what incomprehensible and fathomless terrors are suddenly revealed to the dying and impenitent sinner—death, eternity, condemnation, banishment, omnipotent wrath, and hell.

Against those enlarged terrors there is only one remedy—Religion. This sublime, supernatural, and holy principle raises the soul above all fear—all danger—as the glorious sun lifts the dew from the sluggish morass to soar aloft in the skies in gilded majesty. Religion raises the soul from earth to heaven, to dwell with God forever in

bright and eternal glory, Grace is the imperishable life of the soul—its immortal ornament—rendering it glorious in undying happiness. Religion triumphs over death, and smiles at the grave—it is a light that illumines the short, dark passage between this world and the next, and conducts the soul in security after the convulsive shock of dissolution, till it sees God in eternity—it is the voice of the Saviour, communicating to the soul heavenly confidence, and, with the omnipotent authority of heaven's Ruler, commanding it to rise from the tomb, and to follow Him to paradise. Religion, therefore, not only takes away all terrors from the grave, but, seen in its true character, makes death a delightful resource, inasmuch as it paves the way to a bright and immortal country.—*Dr Cahill.*

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## GOD'S TURN WILL COME.

"I WILL laugh at the destruction of those who have laughed at me during their life." These frightful words were pronounced, my dear friends, by God Himself, and many, many times have the impious seen their fulfilment. Hear what befel d'Alembert, one of the philosophers most hostile to religion. He had been present at the death of

his friend Voltaire, and had had the cruelty to prevent a priest from being called in. When he himself reached his last hour he felt so keenly the sting of remorse that he sent in all haste for the pastor of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Condorcet, one of his friends, went out on pretence of going to seek him and returned in a few minutes, saying that he would come presently; it was a lie, for he did not go. But d'Alembert, unable to wait, sent once more this perfidious friend, who again went out, walked about for some time, then returned saying that the priest would come very soon, but that for the moment he could not come, being engaged. This, too, was a falsehood; the wretch was playing on d'Alembert. The latter, being a prey to the most fearful anguish sent a note by a faithful servant; but alas! he had not yet returned when d'Alembert breathed his last. This happened in Paris on the 29th of October, 1783.—*Guillous. Explic. du Cat.*

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## THE CONVENT DOG.

At a convent in France twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the scraps which

were now and then thrown to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful; so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a tour—a machine like the section of a cask that by turning round exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day this dog, which had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rang the bell. His stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick, in doing which he had no great difficulty, for, lying in wait and noticing the paupers as they came for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the truth, which he was confirmed in when he saw the animal remain with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community, and to reward him for his ingenuity, the dog was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, on which some broken victuals were always afterwards served to him.

## HOW MICHAEL ANGELO CONFOUNDED HIS ENEMIES.

MICHAEL ANGELO, that celebrated painter and sculptor of Florence, having remarked, during his stay in Rome, the jealousy he had inspired in Raphael and several other artists, composed privately a *Bacchus playing with a Satyr*. He had spared nothing to make this piece of sculpture worthy of his well-known skill; but he took care to conceal his name at the bottom and to break off an arm of his statue; after these precautions he blackened it with soot and buried it in a vineyard where he knew the foundations of a house were soon to be dug out. Nearly a year after the workmen employed on these foundations having actually discovered this unknown statue, carried it to the Pope. The artists all praised the magnificence of this work, and immediately agreed on its high antiquity. Michael Angelo alone seemed to be of a contrary opinion; he even began to point out numerous defects in this masterpiece. The question gave rise to warm discussion. Raphael maintained that the statue was perfection itself and that it was impossible to estimate its price; "only," he added, "it is a great pity that its arm is broken off and lost." Then, in order to confound this jealous rival, Michael Angelo went in search of the arm he had kept, showed his name

engraved on the base of the statue, and related its origin. His enemies went away quite confused for having fallen so completely into the snare so adroitly laid for them by Michael Angelo. These poor artists drew only shame from a fact which sheds imperishable glory on their rival.—*Schmid et Belet, Cat. Hist.*, III., 334.

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## IRELAND IN THE AGES OF FAITH.

Amid the struggles and efforts which filled up the ages from the overthrow of the old order of things, down to the establishment of the new, that species of mysticism which was connected with martyrdom, had ample opportunities for development. Christianity had had all the time necessary to take firm and deep root throughout the whole extent of the Roman empire. Now, when the inundations had come down from the North, it had to contend with a new species of heathenism ; and then again, when the tempestuous invasion had rolled up from the South, it had to combat with that new species of Judaism, which the sons of the desert had fashioned. Equally severe was the struggle which arose between the different confessions of Christianity, when Arianism encountered the old Catholic doctrine ; especially when the sectarian spirit,

united to policy, urged the Vandal kings in Africa to the wildest and most fanatical persecution. In all these struggles, thousands of victims bled; but their faith stood by their side to minister consolation; and the same mystical enthusiasm, which, on the bloody path of martyrdom, had raised their predecessors above themselves, did not deny them its aid.

All not engaged in the combat took refuge in the ark of the Church, which, amid the mighty swell of waters floating hither and thither, guarded the treasures concealed within it, and while, amid the general tumult of the times it secured a peaceful asylum to religious meditation, it continually promoted the contemplative, as well as heroic, martyrdom. Such an asylum was found, from the middle of the fifth century, in the green Emerald Isle, the ancient Erin, whose secluded situation and watery boundaries, as they had once served to protect her from the disorders of the Roman empire, now sheltered her from the storms of the migration of nations. Thither, seeking protection with St. Patrick, the Church had migrated to take up her winter quarters, and had lavished all her blessings on the people, who gave her so hospitable a reception. Under her influence, the manners of the nation were rapidly refined; monasteries and schools flourished on all sides; and as the former were distinguished for their austere discipline and ascetic piety, so

the latter were conspicuous for their cultivation of science. While the flames of war were blazing around her, the green isle enjoyed the sweets of repose. When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transported over the sea, the cells of the valley of the Nile, with all their hermits, its monasteries, with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western Isle ; an isle, which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the Church ;—won over to Christianity the north of Britain, and soon after, a large portion of the yet pagan Germany ; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated, with especial care, the mystical contemplation in her religious communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced.—*Garres.*

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## FALL AND DISASTERS OF THE JEWS.

In the general slaughter to which the inhabitants of Jerusalem were consigned, eleven hundred thousand perished by the sword, and the rest were doomed to all the horrors of captivity. In the history of Josephus, we discover the literal application of the ancient prophecies to the disasters

of Jerusalem. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! My eyes have failed with weeping, when the sucklings fainted away in the streets, and breathed out their souls in the bosom of their mothers. The voice of howlings is heard; the cedar is fallen, and its glory is laid waste. The streets of the city are silent, and darkness and desolation are on its den forever."

Yes; such was the miserable condition to which the Jews were reduced after the destruction of their city, that they were prohibited from coming within a certain distance of its ancient boundaries. The Romans feared that a place, so long the theatre of supernatural agency, would inspire the Jews with the hope of reviving their former glory. Hence, like their progenitors at Babylon, the Jews were doomed to sigh their distant devotions towards Sion; or obliged, as we are told by St. Jerome, to purchase, from the avarice of the soldiers, permission to undertake a sorrowful pilgrimage to the ruins of their former temple. Still they cherished some lingering hope of its restoration. After having rejected the true Messiah, who had proved His mission by miracles the most incontestable, this unfortunate nation became the dupe of a succession of impostors, who rose and disappeared, flattering them with hopes of conquest, which were suddenly dissipated. Now, deluded by Judas, the Gaulonite, and again by Barchochebas, who severally pretended to be the

promised deliverer of Israel, they strove to shake off the yoke of the Romans, which was but laid still more heavily upon them. The fanaticism of Barchochebas and his followers provoked the vengeance of Adrian, who inflicted the severest chastisements on that devoted race.

Without a single ray of hope to cheer the gloom of despondence, save what they derived from the passing and delusive meteor of some false prophet, they languished until the reign of Julian, who reassured their drooping spirits, by a promise of rebuilding their temple, and restoring their scattered nation. Tempted by the encouragement, which was held out to them in the year 361, they assembled from the remotest countries, to give their aid to the project. In their zeal to restore their ancient worship, they sacrificed every other consideration; and the enthusiasm of the children of Abraham was enlisted in the service of the imperial apostate. But the hand of the Almighty defeated the rash and impious project; and, like the architects of Babel, the workmen were scattered by the vengeance of Heaven. There is no fact in ancient history better attested than the miraculous interposition, which suspended the rebuilding of the Jewish temple. Independently of the authorities of St. Chrysostom and St. Gregory Nazianzen, the circumstances are thus told by Ammianus Marcellinus, a pagan historian: "Whilst Alypius, assisted by

the governor of the province, urged with vigor and diligence the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundation, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner, obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned."

But, whilst the infidel tortures his invention by unavailing sophistry, the enlightened Christian beholds, in the frustrated attempts of Julian, the completion of the Redeemer's prediction. Instead of ascribing to chance or accident, the balls of fire that issued from the earth and scorched and smote the workmen, he beholds, in them, the effects of the divine wrath, thus described by the psalmist: "Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord, and against his Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder; and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in the heavens, shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall he speak to them in his anger, and trouble them in his rage."

—*Dr. MacHale.*

## TESTING THE MUSICAL POWERS OF CAROLAN.

THE Irish Orpheus, Carolan, seems, from the description we have of him, to have been a genuine representative of the ancient bards. Though blind and untaught, yet his attainments in music were of the highest order. At what period of his life Carolan commenced as an itinerant musician is not known ; nor is it ascertained whether, like many others, he *n'eût abord d'autre Apollon que le besoin*, or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Dr. Campbell, indeed, seems to attribute his choice of it to an early disappointment in love. But wherever he went, the gates of the nobility and gentry were thrown open to him, and a distinguished place was assigned him at table. Carolan thought the tribute of a song due to every house where he was entertained, and he seldom failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family, or the loveliest of its branches. Indeed on every occasion, the emotions of his heart, whether of joy or grief, were expressed in his harp. Many a favorite fair has been the theme of a beautiful planxty ; and as soon as the first excess of grief for the loss of his wife had subsided, he composed a monody on her death, teeming with harmony and poetic beauties.

The fame of Carolan soon extended over Ireland, and, among others, reached the ears of an eminent Italian music master in Dublin, who, putting his abilities to a severe test, became convinced how well his reputation was merited. The Italian singled out an excellent piece of music, but in several places either altered or mutilated the piece, although in such a manner as that no one but a real judge could make the discovery. It was then played to Carolan, who bestowed the deepest attention on the performance, although he was not aware of its being intended as a trial of his skill, or that the critical moment was then at hand which was to determine his reputation.

When it was finished, and Carolan was asked his opinion, he declared that it was an admirable piece of music; but, said he, very humorously, in his own language, *ta se air chois air bacaighe;* that is, here and there it limps and stumbles. He was then requested to rectify the errors; and this he did immediately, to the astonishment of the Italian, who pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius.

## IRISH NATIONAL HYMN FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

THOUGH the veil of sorrow o'er Erin lies,
Like a black cloud on lovely summer skies;
Though her ancient crown decks a stranger's brow,
And her golden harp-strings are silent now;
Though ruin rule upon her green-robed tow'rs,
And misery around her thickly show'rs;
Though Freedom bleeds upon her verdant plains,
And Slavery 'round her winds his galling chains,
Is there a land—howe'er by fortune blest—
More dear than she to any Irish breast?
Is there a land, on which all blessings smile,
More dear to *us* than thou, our mother isle?
What favored land holds o'er our hearts the sway
Of Erin dear, on this St. Patrick's Day?

Why now recall to mind thy glories fled,
Or mention here the names of heroes dead?
Why say no Roman dared to touch thy shore,
When earth seemed small for Roman eagles' soar?
Why say religion found in thee a home,
And Erin ne'er could win thy heart from Rome?

Why say that learning borrowed light from thee,
And thou of Europe seemedst the sun to be?
Art thou less dear beneath thy gloom and tears,
Than if crowned with the glory of former years?
Are thy sons less faithful than in by-gone times,
When thy halo beamed on the most distant climes?
Sorrow nor age can make our love decay,
Green is it now, on this St. Patrick's Day.

On the altar's step, on the flinty stone,
Where the North-snows fall, and the South-streams moan,
For the aged priest, for the mountaineer,
For the lowly peasant, for the noble peer,
For the student young, who preserves the fire
He caught from the heart of his Irish sire,
In the distant lands where the Celtic race
Shows its stalwart form and its manly face,
Thy name, O Erin, is the noble theme,
(The long-lost Paradise thou now dost seem);
Thy ancient glories from the grave arise,
And thou shinest brightly before all eyes.
O let us, then, whatever tyrants say,
Proclaim *our* love on this St. Patrick's Day.

Behold Erin now, as yet she shall be,
Lighting with glory the dark-swelling sea;

See smiles like the sun on her radiant face,
Cheering the hearts of her wide-scattered race,
See the gay glance which on earth she bestows,
And mark how the eye of each proud Celt
glows;
See Freedom robe her with the brightest beams,
And sweet Plenty bloom by her holy streams;
See her temples rise, as in days of yore;
Hear the sacred songs swell from shore to shore;
O Lord on high, her from dark evil save;
Cast blessings rare on her Thy faithful slave;
Bless those who speak, if but one word they
say
For Erin green, on this St. Patrick's Day.

—*Treacy.*

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## AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION.

CIRCUMSCRIBED as we are, I say nothing of the massacres of the faithful Irish; I say nothing of the bloody atrocities of Cromwell at Drogheda, where he sold most treacherously the gallant garrison, or at Wexford, where his brutal soldiers massacred the unprotected women that crowded around the great cross craving mercy; I say nothing of the children strangled with their mother's hair; I say nothing of the artificial famine that compelled the parent to devour the ten-

der, unconscious child; I do not dwell upon the wretchedness of dying by the roadside, while the tyrant passes by and regards the almost lifeless form with scorn and aversion; I do not wait to tell you of the graves to which your brave fathers were hurried—those graves which the foe has desecrated; I do not direct your attention to those old abbeys which the hand of the ravager has torn down; I do not look at those altars—the altars where your free forefathers sought comfort—those altars which have been trampled upon by the foeman—which have been destroyed by the miscreant servants of a bloody Henry, a despotic Elizabeth, or a ruthless Cromwell.

Our race is indestructible, it would seem, for despite persecution it will exist and prosper. To-day, this emblem of nationality and religion which I wear at my breast (the shamrock) is worn by Irishmen everywhere. To-day, from sea and continent and island, and lake and mountain, the children of the Emerald Isle direct their glances to their "own loved island of sorrow." To-day they ponder on the grievance of their race. To-day the full recollection of the dire oppression of which they have been the victims is revealed to them. To-day they long for the freedom of their down-trodden Erin. As Irishmen, we proclaim ourselves sons of St. Patrick. If we be truly sensible of the great honor to which we are born, we ought to endeavor to show our-

selves worthy children of our noble father. The religion which he committed to the care of our forefathers, has been by them faithfully transmitted to us. The greater our devotion towards our faith, the nearer we approach St. Patrick. Appreciate your faith, love its dogmas, proclaim its excellency, practise its morality, instil its principles into the minds of your children, and teach them by your example to revere and prize it. You are the children of St. Patrick, who pleads for you in heaven; you are engaged in the same warfare as that in which he won his crown. You are descendants of those pure and stainless characters, that united the fiery chivalry of the knight to the meek and benign demeanor of the monk. From the ruined castles which these men so bravely defended, from the plain of Clontarf where Brien clipped the wings of the Danish Raven; from the verdant dale where the flag of "God and our Lady" was proudly unfurled, from the mounds of earth, beneath which the dust of our valiant progenitors lies entombed, from the eight hundred and fifty saints that in three centuries shone like diamonds upon the face of the land, a voice calls upon you to love your country, to love your brethren, to love your God.—*Treacy.*

## TO MAURICE F. EGAN.

CAN'ST thou expect me here to paint
The feelings stamp'd upon my soul?
Or dost thou think that words can tell,
How warm the waves that through it roll?
No, words have not the power to show
The love I bear my dearest friends,—
Time in his march alone will prove
That my warm friendship never ends.
There is a rock by England's shore,
On which a Saint hath left his tread,
Which time nor waves, though both combine,
Can e'er efface—I one time read:
A brilliant lamp, beside a tomb,
In Palestine forever burns,
Its tongue of fire, so bright, so pure,
Towards the departed ever turns;
Not like the rock, both hard and cold,
My heart will bear the thought of THEE,
But like the lamp, 'twill glow, and turn
To thee—dear friend—where'er thou'lt be.

—*Treacy.*

## THE PENAL DAYS.

"Oh, weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained."—*Davis.*

Weep not beside a martyr's grave,
Weep not o'er hunted virtue true;
Weep not the hour that proved man brave—
Though blood lent hill and dale its hue.
Why should we weep the penal times
That showed our country's love of Right?
Let us forget the tyrants' crimes,
And sing the stars of Erin's night

When peaceful bloomed our garden land,
The hermit and the monk arose,
And every vale heard virgin-band
Sing love of God, at evening's close;
But when our air with war was red,
From cells and caves Truth's soldiers came,
And every rock a glory shed
Around some Irish martyr's name.

We must not weep the penal days
That sanctified our hills and plains;
We must not shudder when we gaze
At men that feared nor death nor chains.
In blood and tears, 'neath penal laws,
Saint Erin's heart was purified;
For holy Faith, and Freedom's cause,
Our martyred nation grandly died.

—*Treacy*

## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

No matter what may be the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin: if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve on herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the

policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command; liberty unsheathed his sword; necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation. Who like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol?

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains; he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!—*Phillips.*

## KING RICHARD AND THE MINSTREL.

THE singular manner of discovering the situation of King Richard the First, when a prisoner to Leopold, Duke of Austria, which Fauchet relates from an ancient chronicle, is thus related in Mrs. Dobson's Literary History of the Troubadours:

A minstrel, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when, talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the innkeeper, in order to make this discovery, he learned that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner, who was guarded with great care.

A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard. He went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble. He got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provisions; questioned, and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and quality of the prisoner.

He could only inform him, that he was watched

with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one but the keeper of the castle, and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the staircase and the apartments were black with age, and so dark, that, at noon-day, it was necessary to have a lighted flambeau to find the way along them. Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prison, but all in vain.

At last, when he found that, from the height and narrowness of the window, he could not get a sight of his dear master, who, he firmly believed, was there, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung, with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped, and heard a voice, which came from the castle window, "Continue, and finish the song." Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the king, his master, who was confined in this dismal castle.

The chronicle adds, that, one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard; and, informing his nobles, with all possible expedition,

of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement, on paying a large ransom.

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## THE STUDIOUS MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

But for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature and science had been forever extinguished; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace no security, no home but the cloister. There, learning trimmed her lamp; there, contemplation plumed her wings, there, the traditions of art preserved from age to age by lonely studious men kept alive in form and color the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them, when as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority into the

decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

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## THE AFFECTION AND REVERENCE DUE TO A MOTHER.

What an awful state of mind must a man have attained, when he can despise a mother's counsels! Her very name is identified with every idea that can subdue the sternest mind; that can suggest the most profound respect, the deepest and most heartfelt attachment, the most unlimited obedience. It brings to the mind the first human being that loved us, the first guardian that protected us, the first friend that cherished us; who watched with anxious care over our infant life, whilst yet we were unconscious of our being; whose days and nights were rendered wearisome by her anxious cares for our welfare; whose eager eye followed us through every path we took; who gloried in our honor, who sickened in heart at our shame; who loved and mourned, when others reviled and scorned; and whose affection for us survives the wreck of every other feeling within. When her voice is raised to inculcate religion, or

to repeated irregularity, it possesses unnumbered claims to attention, respect and obedience. It fills the place of the eternal God, to Him that God is speaking; in her counsels He is counseling the most solemn admonitions, and to disregard such counsel, to despise such interference, to sneer at the wisdom that addresses you, or the aged piety that seeks to reform you, is the surest and the shortest path which the devil himself could have opened for your perdition. I know no grace that can have effect; I know not any authority upon earth to which you will listen, when once you have brought yourself to reject such advice. Nothing but the arm of God, that opens the rock and splits the mountain, can open your heart to grace, or your understanding to correction.—*Rev. J. O'Keeffe.*

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## OUR LADY OF SORROW.

Dense the gloom of all creation—
On the blackest spot of all
Is a lonely Virgin's station,
Weeping o'er man's deepest fall.

Dead is Jesus, and His Mother
Is abandoned on the Hill;
Men have slain their God, their brother,
Now their mother's cup they fill.

In the city Jews are boasting
Of the crime that stains to-day,
Horror, they are vainly toasting;—
"Pilate," "Herod," "great are they!"

Dead is Jesus, thou art sighing,
Mother of the Tender Heart,
Thou art weary, thou art dying,
Sad is now thy doleful part.

Mother dearest, Virgin tearful,
Will no mortals watch with thee?
Are the sons of Adam fearful
Of the Cross—their Saving Tree?

In the darkness full of sadness,
May I on the Hill be seen;
There I'll hate all sinful madness—
There I'll love my King and Queen.

Mary weeping, Jesus bleeding,
Ever will be dear to me;
Sighing, moaning, warmly pleading,
May I stand on Calvary!

—*Treacy.*

## HER ROSARY OF WELLS.

Ireland is enriched and beautified by a vast number of wells. The following verses poetically account for their origin.

The Angel spread her gleaming wings
Upon the golden light;
A sweet "adieu" to heaven she sang,
Then sailed from visions bright.

Like wingèd star she crossed the sky,
She fanned the fields of blue;
She passed the moon with heedless eye—
Down, down to earth she flew.

She saw the nations of the earth
In error's baneful shade;
She saw the fairest isle below
In sinful pomp arrayed.

"Is this the destined home of saints?
The chosen isle of God?"
The Angel dropped a holy tear
That purified the sod.

She wept upon the mountain peak,
She wept in secret dells;
She placed on pagan Erin then
Her Rosary of Wells.

—*Treacy.*

## MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is a subject which, at some time or other, engages the attention of every man. Whether he give it his serious attention or not, depends upon the amount of common sense he possesses. It is the most serious step a man can take, for on it follow future happiness or misery, often for the next world as well as this. The Church never loses an opportunity of showing how worthy of reverence marriage is; it is not merely a life contract; it is a sacrament—mystic, holy, sublime.

No greater evil has come out of the chaos of Protestantism than the disregard of the marriage-tie which is making our country a by-word of reproach among the nations. Having weakened respect for the marriage bond, the devil need do no more. He can rest satisfied. The swine rush into the sea of their own accord. Passing from the lightness and levity with which many Protestants and indifferentists regard this holy state, let us consider the evils which contact with a society indifferent or antagonistic to the Church—for those who are not with her are against her—have worked among ourselves.

Marriage will always result in happiness if contracted with the proper disposition. Is there anything more holy on earth, except the consecra-

tion of a soul entirely to God in the religious state, than the spectacle of two persons, loving and respecting each other, firm in their faith, bathed in the light of hope, and filled with the grace of God, starting out together on the pathway of life? The Church, in her wisdom, advises young people to marry, if they have no vocation for the religious life. But she does not advise them to follow the dictates of blind passion or sentimental caprice, in their choice of a partner. She does not advise them to rush into matrimony with no thought of God; she bids them remember that they are followers of Christ, not of Cupid or the god Priapus—Christians, not Pagans. And yet numbers of our young men contract marriage rather as Pagans than Christians. They do not pray to God for direction, they do not ask His blessing: consequently they do not receive it. Prettiness of face, grace of form, a certain attraction which the novels call "love," but which is as far from being worthy of the name as truth is from falsehood, decide them; and when they have decided, they swear that Heaven and earth cannot move them. The responsibilities of the future are nothing to the gratification of the present. The rosy dreams of courtship enervate the mind, and if they ever think of the future of their married life, it is only to regard it as a kind of Mahommed's paradise—at best, as a place where the stern realities, sorrows and hardships of the world can never enter.

Passion pushes God aside, passion casts roses over the sharp rocks, passion accompanies them, and leads them for a few careless months; and then suddenly the unhappy couple find themselves facing the misery of a life which is worse than death. Disgust, contempt, sometimes takes the place of the spurious love, and this is the end of the day that dawned so rosily.

If a young man's present position is secure, if he sees a fair prospect of employment in the future, if he knows a girl whom, in his coolest moments, he deems will make him a good wife, it is well for him to marry. He who marries a wife whom he must plunge into poverty, is devoid of common prudence. It is not neccessary for him to have a large capital in bank. Let him have a paying occupation—no matter how small the pay, if he and his wife can live on it. Some of the happiest marriages we have known were made between persons who were compelled to practise the strictest economy from the very beginning; and their happiest memories are of the time when the wherewithal for their daily expenses gave cause for pleasant converse and innumerable consultations upon ways and means. A little adversity in the beginning is no bad thing, and if bravely faced, with firm trust in God, does not last long.

Marriage is a very solemn thing—to be weighed carefully, to be made the subject of earnest

prayer and profound consideration. It is as holy as it is solemn. It blesses those who worthily receive it; and if it prove a curse, it is because the participants were unworthy of the graces it confers.—*Maurice F. Egan.*

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## WHEN NIGHT COMES ON.

I.

The hour is still, the scene is fair,
But Night comes on;
A glory mild fills sky and air,
But Night comes on;
With flowers the blooming trees are crowned,
With softest green the meads are bound,
The woods shed music all around,
But Night comes on.

II.

Sad is my heart, and moist my eye,
For Night comes on;
I watch the landscape, and I sigh,
For Night comes on;
Much that I love will pass away,
When pass the beauties of this day—
In darkness soon my steps will stray,
For Night comes on.

III.

Sweet Jesus, take me by the hand,
When Night comes on;
Oh, lead me to my Promised Land,
When Night comes on;
Let Thy Fair Face illume my eyes,
Let Thy Bright Throne before me rise,
Ah, let me enter Paradise,
When Night comes on.

—*Treacy.*

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## GOOD-NIGHT.

My bark of life now gains the shore,
Gently she glides along;
Behind—she hears the breakers' roar,
Before—sweet angels' song;
Thick darkness falls upon the sea,
Upon the land soft light.
To all who sailed the deep with me,
To friend and foe—Good-Night.

I bless the lips that shone with smiles,
When stars forgot to glow;
I bless the hundred sunny isles
That broke my sea of woe;
The shore is struck, a golden land,
The sea fades on my sight,
My faithful bark is on the strand—
To friend and foe—Good-Night.

—*Treacy.*

## THERE IS ALWAYS LIGHT IN HEAVEN.

I.

THERE is always light in Heaven—
Not the light we see afar
When the West with gold is flowing,
Nor the light of moon or star

II.

Not the light the royal Poet
Saw around his music thought,
Nor the light the favored Moses
From the mountain summit brought.

III.

There is always light in Heaven
Light the Just alone can see
When the day of life is ended,
And the soul from earth is free.

—*Treacy.*

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## THE TWO WEEPING WILLOWS.

A WELL-KNOWN writer extricated himself from a serious embarrassment in the following way: M. Charles Hugo, a novelist of some repute, had been several times made the subject of puns conundrums, etc., in the works of Alexandre Dumas,

junior. Tired of seeing himself thus held up to ridicule, he thought to put an end to this species of annoyance by challenging the other to fight a duel. After having read it, M. Dumas took a piece of paper, and drew upon it two champions who clove each other in twain and fell both on the ground. Underneath was read the following lines:

*"Voici le resultat de ce combat fatal!
Ils se sont pardonné, mais ils se sont fait mal."

M. Dumas then folds the paper in the form of a circular, and sends it to his too susceptible friend. M. Hugo did not laugh, however; on the contrary he grew still more red with anger, and sent a second challenge more offensive than the first. Thereupon the witty Dumas took his pen and sketched what follows: A lansdscape in the midst of which were seen two weeping willows, shading two tombs surrounded by an iron railing and watered by a gardener. On the first tomb was read: HERE LIES HUGO! and on the second; HERE LIES DUMAS! a little lower were the words; DEATH HAS RE-UNITED THEM. At this second epistle, M. Hugo could not help laughing; he hastens to his friend's residence, shakes him warmly by the hand, and promises not to be vexed any more.—*Hebrard, Journal des bons Exemples*, III., 442.

* "Behold the result of this fatal encounter;
They forgave one another; but hurt each other sorely."

## THE BLIND MARTYR.

Cæcelia, a poor blind young girl, warns the Christians, who had assembled in the Catacombs to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that they have been betrayed to the prefect of Rome.

CÆCELIA, already forewarned, had approached the cemetery by a different but neighboring entrance. No sooner had she descended than she snuffed the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of our incense, I know," she said to herself; "the enemy is already within." She hastened, therefore, to the place of assembly, and delivered Sebastian's note; adding also what she had observed. It warned them to disperse, and seek the shelter of the inner and lower galleries; and begged of the Pontiff not to leave till he should send for him, as his person was particularly sought for.

Pancratius urged the blind messenger to save herself too. "No," she replied, "my office is to watch the door, and guide the faithful safe."

"But the enemy may seize you."

"No matter," she answered, laughing; "my being taken may save much worthier lives. Give me a lamp, Pancratius."

"Why, you cannot see by it," observed he, smiling.

"True; but others can."

"They may be your enemies."

"Even so," she answered; "I do not wish to be

taken in the dark. If my bridegroom come to me in the night of this cemetery, must he not find me with my lamp trimmed?"

Off she started, reached her post, and hearing no noise except that of quiet footsteps, she thought they were those of friends, and held up her lamp to guide them.

When the party came forth, with their only captive, Fulvius was perfectly furious. It was more than a total failure—it was ridiculous—a poor mouse come out of the bowels of the earth. He rallied Corvinus till the wretch winced and foamed; then suddenly he asked, "And where is Torquatus?" He heard the account of his sudden disappearance, told in as many ways as the Dacian guards' adventures; but it annoyed him greatly. He had no doubt whatever in his own mind, that he had been duped by his supposed victim, who had escaped into the unsearchable mazes of the cemetery. If so, this captive would know, and he determined to question her. He stood before her, therefore, put on his most searching and awful look, and said to her, sternly, "Look at me, woman, and tell me the truth."

"I must tell you the truth without looking at you, sir," answered the poor girl, with her cheerfullest smile, and softest voice; "do you not see that I am blind?"

"Blind!" all exclaimed at once, as they crowded to look at her. But over the features of Fulvius

there passed the slightest possible emotion, just as much as the wave that runs, pursued by a playful breeze, over the ripe meadow. A knowledge had flashed into his mind, a clue had fallen into his hands.

"It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city, guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters, and I will see that you are well rewarded. You, Corvinus, take my horse, and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive."

"No treachery, Fulvius," he said, vexed and mortified.

"Mind you bring her. The day must not pass without a sacrifice."

"Do not fear," was the reply.

Fulvius, indeed, was pondering whether, having lost one spy, he should not try to make another. But the calm gentleness of the poor beggar perplexed him more than the boisterous zeal of the gamester, and her sightless orbs defied him more than the restless roll of the toper's; still, the first thought that had struck him he could still pursue. When alone in a carriage with her he assumed a soothing tone and addressed her. He knew she had not overheard the last dialogue.

"My poor girl," he said, "how long have you been blind?"

"All my life," she replied.

"What is your history? Whence do you come?"

"I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome, when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness, to the blessed martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, at the door of the title of Fasciola, while they went to their devotions. It was on that memorable day when many Christians were buried at the tomb, by earth and stones cast down on them. My parents had the happiness to be among them!"

"And how have you lived since?"

"God became my only father then, and his Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since."

"But you can walk about the streets freely and without fear, as well as if you saw."

"How do you know that?"

"I have seen you. Do you remember very early one morning in the autumn, leading a poor lame man along the Vicus Patricus?"

She blushed and remained silent. Could he have seen her put into the poor old man's purse her own share of the alms? "You have owned yourself a Christian?" he asked, negligently.

'Oh yes; how could I deny it?"

"Then that meeting was a Christian meeting?"

"Certainly; what else could it be?"

He wanted no more; his suspicious were verified. Agnes, about whom Torquatus had been able or willing to tell him nothing, was certainly a Christian. His game was made. She must yield, or he would be avenged.

After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said, "Do you know whither you are going?"

"Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven."

"And so calmly?" he asked in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance but a smile.

"So joyfully, rather," was her brief reply.

Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus at the gates of the Æmilian basilica, and left her to her fate. It had been a cold and drizzling day, like the preceding evening. The weather, and the incidents of the night, had kept down all enthusiasm; and while the prefect had been compelled to sit in-doors, where no great crowd could collect, as hours had passed away without any arrest, trial, or tidings, most of the curious had left, and only a few more persevering remained past the hour of afternoon recreation in the public gardens. But just before the captive arrived a fresh knot of spectators came in, and stood near one of the side-doors, from which they could see all.

As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he was to expect, Tertullus, moved with some compassion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy of a poor ignorant, blind beggar, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her alone, as she would imagine, with him; and he threatened heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break the silence.

"What is thy name, child?"

"Cæcelia."

"It is a noble name; hast thou it from thy family?"

"No; I am not noble; except because my parents though poor, died for Christ. As I am blind, those who took care of me called me Cæca,* and then, out of kindness, softened it into Cæcelia."

"But, now, give up all this folly of the Christians, who have kept thee only poor and blind. Honor the decrees of the divine emperors, and offer sacrifice to the gods; and thou shalt have riches, and fine clothes, and good fare; and the best physicians shall try to restore thee thy sight."

"You must have better motives to propose to me than these; for the very things for which I

* Blind.

most thank God and His Divine Son, are those which you would have me put away."

"How dost thou mean?"

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and fare not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse."

"Foolish girl!" interrupted the judge, losing patience a little; "hast thou learnt all these silly delusions already? At least thou canst not thank thy God that he has made thee sightless?"

"For that more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart."

"How so? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth? What strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which I know to be local from the varying direction of its rays. And this object looks upon me as with a countenance of intensest beauty, and smiles upon me as ever. And I know it to be that of Him whom I love with undivided affection. I would not for the world have its splendor dimmed by a brighter sun, nor its wondrous loveliness confounded with the diversities of other features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by

earthly visions. I love Him too much, not to wish to see Him always alone."

"Come, come; let me hear no more of this silly prattle. Obey the emperor at once, or I must try what a little pain will do. That will soon tame thee."

"Pain!" she echoed, innocently.

"Yes, pain. Hast thou never felt it? hast thou never been hurt by any one in thy life?"

"Oh, no; Christians never hurt one another."

The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever-ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ankles, and her arms drawn over the head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, men now held their very breath, while Cæcelia's lips moved in earnest prayer.

"Once more, before proceeding further, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel torments," said the judge, with a sterner voice.

"Neither torments nor death," firmly replied the victim, tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice

but to the one living God, and its ready oblation is myself."

The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which, though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a racking pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features and a sudden paleness alone gave evidence of her suffering.

"Ha! ha!" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelest that! Come, let it suffice; obey, and thou shalt be freed."

She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace; I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy; and now in pain I love Thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy cross even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table!"

"Thou triflest with me!" exclaimed the judge,

thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my lenity. We will try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides."

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathizing with the poor blind creature. A murmur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall.

Cæcelia, for the first time, learnt that she was in the midst of a crowd. A crimson glow of modesty rushed into her brow, her face, and neck, just before white as marble.

The angry judge checked the rising gush of feeling and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than before.

"O my dear Lord and Spouse! I have been ever true and faithful to Thee! Let me suffer pain and torture for Thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to Thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, when I stand before Thee."

Another muttering of compassion was heard.

"Catulus!" shouted the baffled judge, in fury, "do your duty, sirrah! What are you about, fumbling all day with that torch?"

"It is too late. She is dead."

"Dead!" cried out Tertullus; "dead, with one turn of the wheel? Impossible!"

Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she

had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcoming embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer? or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush?

In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear, bold voice cried out, from the group near the door, "Impious tyrant, dost thou not see that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death than thou or thy cruel masters?"

"What! a third time in twenty-four hours wilt thou dare to cross my path? This time thou shalt not escape."

These were Corvinus' words, garnished with a furious imprecation, as he rushed from his father's side, round the inclosure before the tribunal, towards the group. But as he ran blindly on he struck against an officer of herculean build, who, no doubt quite accidentally, was advancing from it. He reeled, and the soldier caught hold of him, saying:

"You are not hurt, I hope, Corvinus?"

"No, no; let me go, Quadratus, let me go."

"Where are you running to in such a hurry? Can I help you?" asked his captor, still holding him fast.

"Let me loose, I say, or he will be gone."

"Who will be gone?"

"Pancratius," answered Corvinus; "who just now insulted my father."

"Pancratius!" said Quadratus, looking round, and seeing that he had got clear off; "I do not see him." And he let him go; but it was too late. The youth was safe at Diogenes' in Suburra.

While this scene was going on, the prefect, mortified, ordered Catulus to see the body thrown into the Tiber.

But another officer, muffled in his cloak, stepped aside and beckoned to Catulus, who understood the sign, and stretched out his hand to receive a proffered purse.

"Out of the Porta Capena, at Lucina's villa, an hour after sunset," said Sebastian.

"It shall be delivered there, safe," said the executioner.

"Of what, do you think, did that poor girl die?" asked a spectator from his companion, as they went out.

"Of fright, I fancy," he replied.

"Of Christian modesty," interposed a stranger, who passed them.

—*Cardinal Wiseman's Fabiola.*

## RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

SINCE the glory of God and the happiness of our fellow-creatures may be promoted by various means, by command or by example, according to the condition and disposition of each, the advantages of that institution are manifest, by which, besides those who are engaged in active and every-day life, there are also found in the Church ascetic and contemplative men, who, abandoning the cares of life and trampling its pleasures under foot, devote their whole being to the contemplation of the Deity, and the admiration of His works; or who, freed from personal concerns, apply themselves exclusively to watch and relieve the necessities of others, some by instructing the ignorant or erring; some by assisting the needy and afflicted. Nor is it the least among those marks which commend to us that Church, which alone has preserved the name and the badges of Catholicity, that we see her alone produce and cherish these illustrious examples of the eminent virtues and of the ascetic life.

Wherefore, I confess, that I have ardently admired the religious orders, and the pious confraternities, and the other similar admirable institutions; for they are a sort of celestial soldiery upon earth, provided, corruptions and abuses being removed, they are governed according to

the institutes of the founders, and regulated by the Supreme Pontiff for the use of the universal Church. For what can be more glorious, than to carry the light of truth to distant nations, through seas and fires and swords—to traffic in the salvation of souls alone—to forego the allurements of pleasure, and even the enjoyment of conversation and of social intercourse, in order to pursue, undisturbed, the contemplation of abstruse truths and divine meditation—to dedicate oneself to the education of youth in science and in virtue—to assist and console the wretched, the despairing, the lost, the captive, the condemned, the sick—in squalor, in chains, in distant lands—undeterred even by the fear of pestilence from the lavish exercise of these heavenly offices of charity! The man who knows not, or despises these things, has but a vulgar and plebeian conception of virtue: he foolishly measures the obligations of men towards their God by the perfunctory discharge of ordinary duties, and by that frozen habit of life, devoid of zeal, and even of soul, which prevails commonly among men. For it is not a counsel, as some persuade themselves, but a strict precept, to labor with every power of soul and body, no matter in what condition of life we may be, for the attainment of Christian perfection, with which neither wedlock, nor children, nor public office, are incompatible (although they throw difficulties in the way), but it is only a counsel to select

that state of life which is more free from earthly obstacles, upon which selection Our Lord congratulated Magdalen. —*Leibnitz.*

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## GLORIOUS RETRACTATION OF FENELON.

You may probably have heard of Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambrai. He was one of the most learned prelates in France; and was at the same time one of the most pious and submissive to the Church. In the year 1697 he had published a work entitled: "Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints," which work was condemned soon after by Pope Innocent XII. This sad news reached Cambrai on the 25th of March, 1699, the day of the Annunciation, just as the Archbishop was about to enter the pulpit. However deeply affected he might be by a decision which he did not expect, he only required a few moments' reflection to change the plan of the discourse he was about to deliver. He turned it on the perfect submission we are bound to pay to the authority of our superiors, on which he spoke with such touching fervor as to draw tears from the whole audience. On the 9th of April following he published a mandamus to this effect: "Our Holy Father the Pope has condemned a book entitled 'Explan-

ation of the Maxims of the Saints,' by a brief dated March 12th, 1699. We adhere to that brief, beloved brethren, simply, absolutely, and without the shadow of restriction. With our whole heart we exhort you to entire submission and unreserved docility, lest insensibly you alter the simplicity of devotion to the Holy See, whereof we shall, by the grace of God, give you an example to the last moment of our life. God forbid that aught should be ever said of us, if it were not that being a pastor we showed ourselves more docile than the last sheep of our flock, and set no bounds to our submission." In order to leave to his diocese a monument of his submission and docility, he caused an ostensary to be made for the Blessed Sacrament, borne by two Angels; one of them trampled under foot divers bad books, on one of which was read: *Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints.* Let us beware, after such a beautiful example, to do like so many of the ignorant and unthinking who pretend to dogmatize, blame and criticize, when the decisions of the church or her pastors do not fall in with their ideas.—*Schmid et Belet, Cat. Hist.*, I., 306.

## PATRON OF THE POOR.

A CERTAIN Cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, The Patron of the Poor. This ecclesiastical prince had a constant custom, once a week to give public audience to all indigent people, in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one, according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own bounty.

One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely.

She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe, for the rent of my house, five crowns; and, such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, save what would break my heart (and my landlord threatens to force me to it), that is, to disgrace this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in the paths of virtue.

"What I beg of your eminence is that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by honest industry, we can procure the money for

him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modest request, bade her be of good courage . then he immediately wrote a billet. "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent."

The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake.

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him.

When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of his business, "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much candor and virtue deserve a recompense. Here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up, as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

## MATER INVIOLATA.

I STOOD in thought beside a circling sea,
Whose waters were more clear than morning light;
More calm than those that first met Adam's sight,
More beautiful than those of earth can be;
No slimy weed, nor jagged stone nor tree,
Was ever mirrored in those waters bright;
But there I saw deep golden rays that might
Shine in the court of the Divinity;
'Twas thy pure soul, O Mary, kind and sweet,
That came to cheer my heart and glad mine eyes—
For in thy soul so calm, so pure, so mild,
The piercing gaze of God could never meet—
As there, alone, the Sun of Justice lies—
A thing of earth, or aught by earth defiled.

—*Treacy.*

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## THERE IS HOPE FOR ERIN.

THERE is hope for Erin,
While in ten thousand cells,
Where devotion ever dwells,
The meek-faced nuns are telling,

While their hearts with love are swelling,
Ten thousand rosaries for Erin.

There is hope for Erin,
While monk and saintly priest
Offer up the Sacred Feast,
With tears and nightly sighing,
For an Isle in sorrow lying,
An isle whose music-name is Erin.

There is hope for Erin:
Her sons, to virtue true,
By their holy actions sue
From God the choicest blessing,
From the Sacred Heart caressing
For the Sacred Heart's own isle, Erin.

There is hope for Erin:
While angel-censers wave,
While her saints for mercy crave,
While Virgin-Mother's pleading
Can move the Victim bleeding
On thy altar's sacred stone, Erin,

—*Treacy.*

## AN ODE TO ST. ISIDORE.

(St. Isidore, Patron of Madrid, was an humble laborer who sanctified himself in the midst of his daily toils. While his hand guided the plough, his heart communed with God and His holy Angels. The various aspects of nature gave him continual food for divine contemplation.)

WAKE not the golden stringèd lyres,
Let their rich music sleep ;
Be still, be still, ye human choirs,
Ye lutes a silence keep ;
For birds of snowy wing and breast,
And scented winds among the trees,
And wells that in deep valleys rest,
And sunlit streams that gild the leas,
Will claim their right for evermore
To sing of pure-soul'd Isidore.

There comes a voice from hidden lakes,
Softer than Summer's breeze,
There swells a hum by lonely brakes,
Like music on the seas.
The tempest-breath shakes mountain-peak,
And 'mong the rocks makes melody ;
The birds through all the forests speak
In tones of richest harmony ;
And all in measured numbers pour
The praises of St. Isidore.

Teach us, meek Saint, we humbly pray,
The Lord in all to view,

His steps to trace in meadows gay,
And in the heavens blue;
To read His Beauty in each flower
That we espy in cultured dell,
To know what is the awful power
That bound the vale by rocky fell;
May all in Nature we explore
Lead us to God and Isidore.

—*Treacy.*

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## THE WORLD.

'Tis vain to seek for bliss below—
The ancient curse will ever burn;
Our earth is but the nurse of woe—
Who seeks true joys, to God must turn.

Our gardens bear each hateful weed,
While all around the briers bloom;
From Paradise no blissful seed
Was blown afar to Adam's tomb.

There is no stone on earth to build
A house where drossless joys abide;
There is no gold with power to gild
A peaceful home for human pride.

The world is but a stagnant lake,
Reflecting lovely shores and skies;
Its dazzling stillness dare to break,
And lo! what foulness in it lies.—*Treacy.*

## NAPOLEON'S STATUE.

I NEVER saw the Emperor Napoleon I. more indignant than on the occasion of which I am going to speak. The celebrated sculptor, Canova, had been employed to make his statue; he unluckily represented him in the form of a heathen deity, the god Mars, holding in his hand a little statue of victory. The whole was of white marble, somewhat more than life-size, and of admirable workmanship. As soon as it was finished, it was sent to Paris, and was placed in one of the lower halls of the Louvre, awaiting the Emperor's inspection. The better to bring out the whiteness of the marble, and to give it a warm flesh-like hue, care had been taken to hang the hall with red drapery. These preparations finished, the Emperor hastened to go and see Canova's new masterpiece. But scarcely had he entered when he almost started back with horror: "What insolence is this?" cried he, addressing M. Denon, the Director of the Imperial Museum; "how had any one the impudence to represent me in such a way as that? I will never allow that statue to be exposed to public view What would any decent family say, seeing the rules of decency and propriety so violated? Canova is mistaken; the beauty of his work is effaced by its indignity. I do not want to have this vile thing destroyed,

but you shall hide it under a veil, and I forbid it to be shown to any one whatever, and for the future I will not have a word said of it in the papers." Do you not admire with me, this just indignation of the Emperor? Never forget that the eternal laws of God must never yield to the egotistical considerations of art.

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## RESPECT FOR FENELON

When, after the taking of Bouchain in 1721, the estates of the see of Cambrai were exposed to the plunder of the troops, such was the respect that the Duke of Marlborough bore to the good Archbishop Fenelon, that he ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Château Cambresis, and gave a safe conduct for their conveyance to Cambrai; and when even this protection in consequence of the scarcity of bread was not likely to be respected by the soldiery, he sent a corps of dragoons with wagons to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. Thus did the most illustrious of generals pay homage to the Christian philosopher, who honored letters by this genius, religion by his piety, France by his renown, and human nature by his amiable virtues; and thus did he, in his

conduct towards the author of Telemachus imitate Alexander at the capture of Thebes, when in the language of Milton,—

> "The great Emathian conqueror did spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

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## CANDID CULPRIT.

The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing through Barcelona, went on board the Cape galley, and passing through the crew of slaves, he asked several of them what their offences were? Every one excused himself upon various pretences; one said he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. The duke came at last to a sturdy little man, whom he questioned as to what he was there for? "My lord," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona, to keep me from starving." The duke, on hearing this, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder with his stick, saying, "You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." The poor fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oar.

## THE MOST ANCIENT OF MAUSOLEUMS.

It would be difficult, I think, even impossible, my friends, to find in all ancient history a firmer instance of conjugal affection than that which I am going to relate. Mausoleus, King of Caria, in Asia Minor, dying after a reign of twenty-four years, left the throne to Queen Artemisa, his wife. That princess employed all her power and riches only in signalizing the affection she had had for her husband. Wishing to immortalize her grief, she raised, in honor of her dear Mausoleus, a monument so magnificent, so splendid, so richly decorated, that it passed for one of the seven wonders of the world; hence it was that the name of *mausoleums* was subsequently given to all remarkable monuments erected to the memory of the dead. That nothing might be wanted to the glory of her husband, that princess, the true model of wives and widows, founded a prize in favor of the orator who should best succeed in pronouncing the eulogy of the deceased monarch. It was Theopompo, of the Island of Chio, in Greece, who first obtained it. If Aulu-Gella and several other writers of antiquity are to be believed, Artemisa did not even content herself with these public proofs of her conjugal affection. She went so far as to gather carefully the ashes of Mausoleus and have his bones pulverized, and,

every day, she put a little of that powder into her drink, desirous of making her own body, so to say, the living tomb of her husband. She survived him but two years, and her love ended only with her life. She died in 351 before Christ.—*Filassier, Dict. Hist. d' Educ.*, I., 233.

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## WONDERS OF GOD IN THE MORAL ORDER.

The wondrous works of God are spread throughout the whole creation: wherever we turn, the exhibitions of His power and the monuments of His wisdom are scattered before us in boundless profusion; in the fathomless depths of the abyss; in the untrodden paths of the air; in the vaulted heaven above; in the splendor of day; in the shrouded glories of the night; in the meanest insect that creeps the earth, as well as in the most finished form of animal existence: from the plant that shrinks instinctively from human touch, up through the whole ascending scale of life and intellect to the almost measureless mind of the archangel, there rises in everlasting succession, the unceasing acknowledgment of His power, His wisdom, and His glory.

It is not in the visible creation alone that the

wonders of the Lord are seen. They are marked more impressively in the economy and government of the moral world; in the laws by which the spirits of men are directed to the final end of their being—in the love that originated their creation—in the wisdom that planned their redemption—in the multiplied expedients resorted to by that wisdom for the purpose of deriving general good from partial evil; in the establishment of a spiritual kingdom upon earth—in its unbroken duration—in its universal extent—in its unfailing triumph over every opposition, which the corruption of earth and the malice of hell can possibly offer. It is in the upholding of this kingdom that the Lord is truly wonderful, demonstrating His own strength through the instrumentalities of the weak, proving by His wisdom by the lips of the unwise, revealing His own essential sanctity in purifying the corrupt affections of His creatures, bending the stubborn will, prostrating the ignorant pride of the mind, enlightening, purifying, and exalting human nature, until every appetite is controlled, every lawless passion subdued, every defilement cleansed, every earthly particle that clings to us so long, and parts with such reluctance is swept away, and the mind becomes a glorious heaven within, bright with the presence and the power of the Lord, and man stands forth as in the day of his elder glory, upright, untroubled, pure, and almost passionless; the hal-

lowed image of that most high and holy God, from whose hands he originally came.

Yes, "God is wonderful in His saints." In these He has shown the power and the extent of His grace. His spirit has gone forth, and the might of God is seen in the countless forms of holiness, with which His spiritual kingdom abounds. In some, that spirit dwells from their earliest youth, and, by an all-directing Providence, they pass through this world, without contracting one stain of mortal guilt, and scarcely exhibiting a trace of human infirmity. Others are destined to feel, through life, the whole weakness and corruption of nature, and to pass through the fiery ordeal of every temptation that can subdue the mind or seduce the heart. Some possess what the prophet desired, "the wings of the dove," and they fly to the presence of Him, "whose delight is to be with the children of men." To the eye of man they walk upon earth, but their conversation is in heaven, and they breathe and live before the throne of their God. Some are called to witness the truth of religion, to the very outpouring of their blood; and others are fated to undergo the more painful and protracted martyrdom of "dwelling in the tents of sinners," of witnessing their contradictions, and bearing the sneers and the sarcasm of the proud, the profligate, and the worldly-minded. Some are called to sanctify themselves in the performance of the ordinary

duties of life, passing through this world without notice and without name, though great before their God; whilst others are destined not to live for themselves alone, "separated for the gospel of God," "made a spectacle to men and angels," called to co-operate with God in the work of man's salvation; fated to bear their own burdens, and commanded to bear the burden of others; the "salt of the earth," to save it from corruption; the "lights of the world," to illuminate its darkness; tongues of fire, kindled by the inspiring breath of God, and destined to reanimate, throughout the long succession of ages, the expiring embers of Christian faith and charity. Of these latter, some are chosen from "the weak of this world, to beat down the strong, and from the foolish, to confound the wise," that no flesh may glory, and no tongue ascribe to man what the hand of the Lord alone could perform. Others are selected from the most exalted rank of human intellect, that no ground of objection should be left to human pride; and that the loftiest understanding should be edified by the faith and the rational submission of minds fitted to investigate, and disposed to reject, if investigation did not lead to the most satisfactory and convincing results. Such minds have been selected in every age, and in every portion of the Church, and exhibited to this world, as the necessity of that Church, and the edification of her children required.

—*Rev. T O'Keeffe.*

## FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

It is not by mere submission and constrained obedience, that the Almighty requires us to keep His command of forgiving our enemies; He would influence us to pardon the offences of our fellow-creatures by motives of gratitude, and our God interests Himself in their behalf as our benefactor and father, rather than as our lawgiver and sovereign. Had He enjoined us to love and forgive our enemies for their own sake, the command might appear hard and rigorous; for when we consider the character of an enemy abstractedly, we find nothing that is not offensive, that does not tend to irritate our minds and fill them with rancor. How then does our God act? He presents Himself before us, and withdrawing our eyes from a painful object commands us to fix them on Himself. He does not require us to pardon for the sake of the offender, but for His own sake. He does not say to you, forgive your enemies because they deserve your forgiveness; but He says, forgive them because I deserve your compliance with my will. It is not His precept that you should consider what is owing to your enemies, but rather, what is due to Himself and what He has done for them. Thus the children of Jacob moved the heart of Joseph their brother, whom they had basely sold: thus they obtained

his pardon of a crime almost unpardonable, and which was prompted by their envy. "Thy father did command before he died, saying, so shall ye say unto Joseph, forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil." At the remembrance of Jacob, of that beloved, that tender, that affectionate father, Joseph felt his bowels yearn; his tears flowed, and instead of reproaching his sanguinary brethren with their inhumanity, or uttering an angry word, he endeavored to console them: fear not: he became their apologist: "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good:" he promised them and their families his protection and support: "I will nourish you, and your little ones."

Christians! It is not in the name of an earthly father, nor of a man like yourselves; it is in the name of your heavenly Father, in the name of your Creator and Redeemer, that I address you. How often, when meditating on His goodness, have you, like David, with renewed zeal and piety, exclaimed, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" How many times have you ardently wished for an opportunity of giving infallible marks of your love! That opportunity is afforded you, as soon as you pardon offences for the sake of your God. To a mind that retains any susceptibility of religious impressions, I can imagine nothing more

influential, nor more consolatory than this argument. The greatest consolation I can possess on earth is to believe, with all the certainty attainable in this life, that I love God; that I love Him with a genuine, not a seeming and doubtful love; for as far as I am conscious of loving God, so far am I convinced that I possess His love, and am the object of His grace. Of all the evidences which I can desire on this subject, no one is less equivocal than the forgiveness of an enemy, because nothing but the love of God, the most entire love, can induce me to grant that forgiveness. Nature will not furnish me with motives to a virtue which it directly opposes, nor will the world produce in me that disposition which is repugnant to all its maxims. How animating, how delightful, is that consciousness which enables us to say: I know that I love my God, that I love Him with sincerity: I perform for the sake of my God, that which I can do for His sake alone; therefore I am convinced that my motive is pure. With what joy is such a reflection accompanied!

But here lies the evil: without considering God in our fellow-creature, we regard our fellow-creature alone, hence those tedious and vain declamations on the unworthy treatment we have received, on the audacity of one, on the perfidy of another, on numberless circumstances, which we frequently misrepresent, exaggerate, and portray, in the darkest colors. Allowing

however, my brethren, that your opinions and representations are just, can you not comprehend that this will by no means weaken our argument? When we exhort you to forgive we do not profess to exculpate the transgressor; for if he were innocent, you would have no occasion to pardon him. What do we then require? That you should rise above the creature; that you should give to God what you would refuse to man; that you should know that your God will consider Himself honored and glorified by the forgiveness of your enemy. The moment this important, this fundamental truth, is impressed on your minds, what efforts will appear too arduous, what will have power to impede your progress?

—*Bourdaloue.*

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## A HYMN TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Had I the mind of the poet king,
And the voice of St. Dunstan's lyre,*
I could not write—I could not sing,
As my heart and my soul desire;
No human pow'r can frame the sound,
No earthly choir can chime th' lay
Worthy of thee—forever crown'd—
Our lov'd and loving Queen of May.

*An angel played one day on the harp of St. Dunstan.

The hermit in his rocky cell,
The virgin from her still retreat,
The woodman in his piny dell—
Ay, thousands in the noisy street:
The poor and rich, the wise and great,
Where'er our Pontiff holds his sway,
To thee their hearts now elevate,
O lov'd and loving Queen of May.

Within the winding catacomb,
When burning Christians lit the night, *
What song was heard 'neath Pagan Rome,
So pure, so pleasing in God's sight?
What song rolls down St. Peter's aisles?
What music does its organs play?
What song can win dear Jesu's smiles?
Thy hymn, O loving Queen of May!

Let maidens bring thee wreaths of snow,
Let youthful bards sing sweet of thee,
Let all Life's vet'rans to thee go,
And bend their hearts when bends their knee,
But, like St. John, O! let me love
Thee as my Mother and my stay;
And grant, O grant, I'll see above,
My lov'd, my loving Queen of May!

—*Treacy.*

* Nero caused many of the early Christians to be braced in tunics steeped in pitch, and then placed at certain distances, then set on fire to light the streets at night.

## WONDERS OF THE CHISEL AT THE CHURCH OF ST SEVERO AT NAPLES.

In the church of St. Severo, at Naples, there are some statues of very extraordinary workmanship. One represents a female covered with a veil, which is most happily executed in marble, and has all the effect of a transparency. There is another of the Dead Christ, covered with the same thin gauze veil, which appears as if it were moist with the cold damp of death.

Both of these pieces were the work of a Venetian of the name of Corradine. There is also a statue of a figure in a net, the celebrated work of Queirato, a Genoese, which is a model of pains and patience. It is cut out of a single block, yet the net has many folds, and scarcely touches the statue.

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## SENDING RELIEF TO IRELAND, 1847.

We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies,

upon the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island, famous in story and song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears, by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil His inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation in its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.—*S. S. Prentiss.*

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## PHILLIPS'S ACCOUNT OF CURRAN.

I CAUGHT the first glimpse of the little man through the vista of his garden. There he was—on a third time afterward, I saw him in a dress

which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff—his hands on his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon; and the important step and eternal attitude only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room: it was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the viceroy. The moment he perceived me, he took me by the hand, said he would not have any one introduce me; and with a manner I often thought was *charmed*, he at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarized me at the priory. I had often seen Curran—often heard him—often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all; he touched everything, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature, who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence himself.

Curran had no conversational rule whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed, nothing could excel the urbanity of his demeanor. At the time, I speak of, he was turned of sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him; he had the experience of one, and the simplicity of the other.

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## SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE singularity of Sir Thomas More was not only conspicuous in his writings, but in his conversation, his professional exertions, and even in his devotion. He was in a very peculiar manner the object of the caprice of a monarch, who was, perhaps, the strangest compound of luxury, hypocrisy, cruelty, credulity, and superstition, that ever was stamped with the image of man, or blazoned with the title of sovereign. In the year 1520, Sir Thomas settled with his family at Chelsea, having purchased an estate there. He had resided in Chancery Lane, in a house standing in 1822. At Chelsea, it is said, Henry VIII. would sometimes, *uninvited*, dine with the man, whom he afterwards, upon the most frivolous

pretence, consigned to the block. The account which Erasmus gives of the manner of Sir Thomas More's living at Chelsea exhibits a picture of domestic happiness. "His house," he says, "was situated near the water side, neither so mean as to be entitled to contempt, nor so magnificent as to become the subject of envy. There he converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their three husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she was a young maid."

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## TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF CONSTANTINE INTO ROME.

"No day, since its foundation," says an eye-witness of the scene, "had ever diffused through Rome a joy so well founded and overflowing; nothing in the immense series of our annals is to be compared to the exultation of that triumph. True, no captive princes and generals were driven with mockeries, and in fetters, before the conqueror's car; but instead of these there went the Roman senators who had been liberated from prison. No prisoners of war were ordered to the

Mamertine for execution ; but men who had filled the consulship were drawn forth to the enjoyment of liberty from where they lay in its dungeons, condemned to death. Instead of foreign captives, the senate and the Roman people, restored to liberty, adorned the procession, and instead of being enriched with spoils, the city itself gained deliverance from spoliation. The atrocious crimes that had so long trampled on the honors, and rioted in every excess at the expense of the citizens were as if dragged like captives at the chariot wheels of him who triumphed."

The destruction of the Milvian bridge had obliged Constantine to encamp on the Vatican fields beyond the Tiber, instead of entering Rome by the Flaminian way, the night of the battle ; and thus the Roman emperor and his legions were compelled, as if by some invisible, all-ruling power, to carry the standard of the cross into the metropolis of paganism by that track, and no other, which had been marked out, from time immemorial, by the senate and the people, as the only legitimate way of triumphs. Having offered up vows at the tomb of St. Peter, instead of sacrificing to the idols, according to custom, the martial procession began to move across the Tiber into the plain of the Campus Martius.

This tract of level ground, expanding like an arena from the Capitoline, the Quirinal, and Pincian hills, to the Tiber, was adorned in its entire

extent with theatres, hippodromes, places for various warlike spectacles and games, with temples surrounded with groves of evergreens, and interwoven, one with the other, by shady walks and velvet lawns; while monuments and trophies, of snowy whiteness, and of every order, lined the river-side to the water's edge. The whole was populous with statues, inscribed to the most renowned characters in the Roman annals, and presented a scene so fascinating, "that it was almost impossible to tear one's eyes from beholding it." But, towering above all, like an Alp of Marble, rose the mausoleum, or tomb of Augustus Cæsar, where the urns of the Julian family, and of many emperors, were placed. When any of them was to be deified, or added to the number of the gods, his body was carried with great pomp and ceremony upon a couch of gold, and placed on a pile of odoriferous wood upon its summit, and as the flame began to ascend towards the corse, an eagle, fastened there for the purpose, was permitted to take wing, that it might be regarded by the applauding millions as the genius, or "mens divinior," of the emperor soaring aloft to the skies.

Each terrace, and balcony, and rich veranda of this mighty pile, and of every other tomb, colonnade, and monument, along the line of procession, or within view of it, seemed to swarm with human beings, as the glorious sun poured his orient splen-

dors over the temples and towers of the capitol, across the adjacent plain. All Rome, from the plebeian to the consular patrician, and of every age and sex, went forth in gala costume, and with hilarity of look, and voice, and feature, that radiated from the heart. Every eye had now been turned for some minutes to the gate of triumph, and every voice was hushed; but when the bronze portals flew open with a sound the instant they were struck by the first beams of morning, and gave ingress to the legions bearing that sign of conquest that Rome had never beheld till now, the plaudits and acclamations that shook the Campus Martius, and reverberated from the hills beyond the Tiber, back again, were taken up and prolonged, "like the sound of many waters," by the millions crowded on every vantage ground, and roof, and along the entire extent of the triumphal way itself.

"After Constantine, who, in that juncture," says Eusebius, "acted like Moses, that great servant of God, had offered up his vows and hymns of praise to the Author of victory, he made his entry in triumph into the imperial city. Whereupon all persons, as well those of the senatorial as of the equestrian order, feeling as 'twere suddenly liberated from prison, they, together with the entire population of Rome, received him with a joy in their countenances that proceeded from their very souls, with acclama-

tions, and a gladness insatiable; and the men, together with the women, the children and infinite numbers of slaves, hailed him as a redeemer, a benefactor, and a deliverer, with voices that could not be silenced. But both by proclamations, and by signs, he intimated that these outpourings were due, not to him, but to that standdard of salvation by which he had conquered." The same symbol sanctified the arms of his soldiers: the cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved on their shields, and interwoven into their banners; and on the helmet and armor of the emperor they were composed of diamonds and precious stones, so that they sparkled and shone in the sun's rays with an enchanting brilliancy.

Passing the field of Mars, where the temples were thickest, the procession of the Labarum moved along through the portico of Octavia, built by Pompey, into the Campus Flaminius; and on by where the triumphal gate stood in ancient times, between the Tarpeian cliff and the Tiber; thence by the theatre of Marcellus, through the portico of Octavia, sister of Augustus, the Velabrum, and the Forum Boarium, into the Circus Maximus. There the spectators, to the number of several hundreds of thousands, were ranged on the couches and marble benches of this Elysium of the Romans, occupying, as it did, the entire valley, from one end to the other, between the Palatine hill and the Aventine. Then wheeling

to the left, the procession moved along between the Palatine and the Cœlian, towards the Coliseum, in the vicinity of which, at a place called the "Veteres Curiæ," it passed under a temporary arch of triumph, built afterwards of marble. It was inscribed to the Liberator of the City, to the founder of tranquillity, and stated that all this he had effected "through the inspiration of the Divinity." Wheeling again to the left, along the "sacred way," before descending between the palace and the temple of Peace to the Roman forum, the triumph, midst ever-increasing throngs and acclamations, passed under the arch of Titus, of which the relievi, representing the sacred emblems and furniture of the Jewish temple, among the other spoils of conquest, bore perpetual testimony to the accomplishment of our Lord's denunciation against Jerusalem.

But that which, above all, distinguished this triumph, was its termination; for it ended not, as heretofore, in the murder of noble captives, and idolatrous sacrifices to Jupiter, but in the planting upon the capitol of that cross hitherto regarded with such bitter execration, and so long and cruelly persecuted by Rome. "And with a loud voice, and by inscriptions," says Eusebius, "Constantine made known to all men the standard of salvation, by erecting this great trophy in the midst of the imperial city, with a Latin inscription to the following effect:—'*By this salu-*

*tary sign, the genuine type of fortitude, I have liberated and freed your city from the slavish yoke of the tyrant, and have set at liberty the senate and people of Rome, restoring them to their pristine splendor and dignity.'* "

—*Dr. Miley.*

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## THE FACE OF CHRIST.

ONE of the celebrated Italian artists was employed in painting the Last Supper of our Lord. One by one he studied the characters of the apostles, and then settled in his own mind, and painted on canvas, a form and countenance in which any beholder might see character expressed.

He then applied himself to the character of our Saviour. He studied the attributes of His mind and heart. He sought all the stores of his own inventive fancy for a combination of features and complexion which should express these attributes—the conscious power, the wisdom, the holiness, the love, the mercy, the meekness, the patience, the whole character of the divine Redeemer. He sought long, intensely, but in vain. Every countenance he could imagine fell evidently far below; and at last he threw down his pencil in despair, declaring that "the face of Christ could not be painted."

## PARTRIDGE, THE WEATHER PROPHET.

An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac-maker, about one hundred years since. In travelling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac-maker; "there is sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good-afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right, after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a

notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day, we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as settled fine weather; no rain. I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

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## MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

THE convent of the great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions, the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rocks before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted,

constitutes the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse.

But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succor. Most remarkably are they assisted in those truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupefying influences of frost, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing men lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him, offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet: they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and laborers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support, and another has a cloak

to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the cold, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years.

One of those noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers, who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, laboring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by an avalanche; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the moun-

tain, in the hope of obtaining some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

—*The Menageries.*

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## SUNDAY.

THE sanctification of the Lord's day is one of those commandments, which the Lord Himself has given to man. Unquestionably no divine command needs an apology; still, we cannot but see the beauty and propriety of this, which specially consecrates one day to the noblest and most important of our duties; which recalls a man to his Creator. The poor man, worn down by fatigue, bent to the earth, and uncertain whether it will yield him a miserable sustenance; forced to measure by his labor the day, which is not long enough for him: the rich man, anxious, for the most part, to spend it so as to get through it quickest; surrounded by those things in which the world affirms that happiness consists, and yet every moment filled with wonder at not finding himself happy; undeceived by the very objects from which he expected complete satisfaction, and longing after other objects, which, when attained, will in like manner undeceive him; the man overwhelmed by misfortune, and the man intoxicated by prosperity; the man wallowing in

pleasures, and the man absorbed in the abstractions of science, the statesman; the private individual; in fact, all of us find in every object that surrounds us, an obstacle in our approach to the Divinity, a power which tends to attach us to those things for which we were not created, and to make us forget our noble origin, and the important end for which we were sent into the world.

Here, then, appears manifest the divine wisdom of that precept which takes us off from mortal cares, to call us back to the contemplation of celestial things, which employs so many of even the unlearned man's days in a school of the sublimest philosophy, which sanctifies the repose of the body, rendering it the type of that repose of eternal enjoyment, for which we all pant, and which our soul feels itself capable of enjoying; of that precept which unites us in one temple, where our common prayers, reminding us of our common wants and miseries, make us feel that we are brethren. The Church, the constant guardian of this precept, dictates to her children the mode of following it in the most perfect and consistent manner. And among the means she selects, was it possible for her to forget that rite, of all others the most necessary; constituting the very essence of Christian worship, for it is no other than the sacrifice of Jesus Christ Himself; that sacrifice on which rests all faith, all knowledge,

all rule, all hope! Can the Christian who voluntarily abstains from such a sacrifice on such a day, be the "just man who lives by faith?" (Rom. i. 17, &c.) Is it possible for him to display in a more barefaced manner how little he cares for the divine precept of sanctification? Is it not evident that he has an aversion to Christianity in his heart; and that he has renounced the greatest, the most sacred, and the most consoling object that faith presents; that he has renounced Jesus Christ? To pretend that the Church should not denounce as a transgressor, the man who cherished such dispositions, were to desire her to forget that end for which she was instituted, and to allow us to fall back into the deadly air of heathenism.—*Manzoni.*

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## EULOGIUM ON COMMUNION BY FREDERICK THE GREAT.

After the Seven Years' War, General Ziethen became one of Frederick's most frequent guests; he even occupied the place of honor, unless there were princes at table with the king. One day, when he had received one of these frequent invitations to dine with the king, he prayed Frederick to excuse him: "Tell his Majesty that this is a day

on which I am accustomed to go to Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of any distraction." Some days after, when he appeared again at Sans Souci Castle, the king said to him: "Well! Ziethen, how did your Communion go off the other day?" At these words all the courtiers burst out laughing. But Ziethen suddenly rose, shaking his head, approached Frederick and, bowing before him, said gravely and firmly: "Your Majesty ought to know that I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought courageously for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again, when your Majesty commands me But there is One above us mightier than you, than I, than all mankind; that is Our Lord Jesus Christ, who shed His blood to redeem the world. I will never allow any one to insult Him, in my presence, even in jest, for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation. It is with this religious sentiment that your army has gained so many victories; if, then, you wish to renounce it, renounce also the prosperity of the State. There is what I have to say; pray excuse me!" The king, much affected, held out his right hand to the religious general, and, laying his left hand on his shoulder: "Happy Ziethen," said he, "I respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and be sure that what has now taken place never shall again in my presence"—*Magazin Pittoresque*, 1844, 207.

## FILIAL PIETY.

THE great law of nature has implanted in every human breast, a disposition to love and revere those to whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy to look up for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life. While we remain in a state of dependence on them, this impression continues in its full force; but certain it is, that it has a tendency to wear off, as we become masters of ourselves; and hence the propriety of those laws by which, in the institution of different nations, it has been attempted to guard against a degeneracy into filial ingratitude and disobedience.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," was the command of the divine Author of the Jewish dispensation. "That thy days may be long in the land," is the peculiar reward which He promises to those who obey the solemn injunction. And as He has been pleased to express His approbation of a steady adherence to this law, by singular marks of favor, so also did He punish the breach of it, by exemplary displeasure; death was the only expiation for this offence. Nor have the Jews been the only nation who have looked upon disobedience to parents as worthy of capital punishment.

In China, let a son become ever so rich, and a father ever so poor, there is no submission, no point of obedience, that the latter cannot com-

mand, or that the former can refuse. The father is not only absolute master of his son's estate, but also of his children; whom, whenever they displease him, he may sell to strangers When a father accuses his son before a mandarin, there needs no proof of his guilt; for they cannot believe that any father can be so unnatural as to bring a false accusation against his own son.

But, should a son be so insolent as to mock his father, or arrive at such a pitch of wickedness as to strike him, all the province, where this shameful act of violence is committed, is alarmed; it even becomes the concern of the whole empire; the emperor himself judges the criminal. All the mandarins near the place, are turned out of their posts, especially those in the town where he lived, for having been so negligent in their instructions; and all the neighbors are reprimanded, for neglecting, by former punishments, to put a stop to the wickedness of the criminal, before it arrived at such flagitiousness.

With respect to the unhappy wretch himself, they cut him into a thousand pieces, burn his bones, raze the house in which he lived, as well as those houses that stand near it, and sow the ground with salt, as supposing that there must be some hopeless depravity of manners in a community to which such a monster belonged.

The filial duty is the same with the prince and the peasant in China; and the emperor, every

New Year's day, pays a particular homage to his mother, in the palace ; at which ceremony, all the great officers of the state assist.

The Persians, according to Herodotus, held the crime of domestic rebellion in nearly as much detestation as the Chinese, but they treated it after a more refined manner. They looked on the striking, or slaying of a father, as an impossible offence ; and, when an accident of the kind happened, adjudged that the offender could not be the son of the party injured, or slain, but must have been surreptitiously imposed on him as such.

Cicero observes, that Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, had provided no law against parricide ; and that, being asked why he had not, he answered, "that to make laws against, and ordain punishments for, a crime that had been never known or heard of, was the way to introduce it, rather than prevent it."

In Rome, no less than six hundred years from the building of the city had elapsed, before so much as a name for the crime of parricide was known amongst them. The punishment ordained for the first who stained his hands with the blood of the author of his being, was, that he be scourged till he was flayed, then sown up in a sack, together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so thrown headlong to the bottom of the sea.

It is a great stain on the character of the more recent ages of the world, that the crime should

ever have become of less rare occurrence; yet in nothing, perhaps, have the ways of God to man been more signally justified, than in the punishment which has sooner or later followed all deviations from filial love and duty. So proverbial, indeed, has this become, as to make any particular illustrations of the fact wholly unnecessary.

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## THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND MR. O'CONNELL.

A LADY of rank being sent to O'Connell for his autograph, to go into the collection of handwritings of "celebrated persons" to the Emperor of Russia, O'Connell begged pardon for seeming want of courtesy in refusing a lady, but added, as his excuse,—

"The fact is, that the hideous cruelties of the present Emperor of Russia, perpetrated in Poland, even upon women and children, have marked his character with a deeper shade of infamy than that which stains the Roman Nero; while his Satanic persecution of Catholic Christianity has reduced him beneath the level of the ancient Diocletian. Mr. O'Connell, therefore, cannot consent, by any act of his, however slight, to appear to pay a compliment to so atrocious a monster."

## VIENNA SAVED BY THE POLES

VIENNA was invested by 300,000 Turks and Tartars, under Kara Mustapha, the vizier; the dastardly Leopold had retreated to Lintz, and despatched messenger after messenger to hasten the departure of Sobieski. Germany looked to him as its savior, and Europe as the bulwark of Christendom. Having beheld at his feet the ambassadors of the empire, and the nuncio of the Pope, he left Cracow, August 15th, with a small body of Polish troops, and without waiting for the Lithuanians, the chief part of his army, amounting in all to about 30,000 men, he had previously ordered to rendezvous under the walls of Vienna.

The king found the affairs of the imperialists in a worse situation than he had conceived. The Turkish artillery had made a practicable breach, and the terrified inhabitants of the capital were in momentary expectation of an assault. One evening, however, their despair was changed to joy, as they perceived from their telescopes the appearance of the Polish hussars on the heights of Kalemberg. Sobieski was enthusiastically invested with the chief command of the Christian army, consisting of Poles, Saxons, Bavarians, and Austrians, amounting to 70,000 men. One who had been his rival as a candidate, the duke of

Lorraine, gave a noble example of magnanimity, by his submission, and by zealously co-operating in all his plans. On the morning of September 12th, commenced the mighty struggle between the crescent and the cross. Throughout the day the advantage rested with the Christians; but the vast masses of the Turks remained unbroken. Towards nightfall the Polish king had fought his way to the entrenched camp of the vizier, whom he perceived seated in a magnificent apartment, tranquilly drinking coffee with his two sons. Provoked at the sight, he rushed forward, followed by an intrepid band, with the loud war-cry of "God for Poland!" and to his pious repetition of the well-known verse of Israel's prophet-king, "Not to us, not to us, O Lord of Hosts, but to Thy name give glory!" was united that of "Sobieski!" Shouts of "Sobieski! Sobieski!" caught the ears of the Moslems, who for the first time, now certainly knew that this dreaded hero was with the Christians. "Allah!" exclaimed the Tartar khan, "the king is with them sure enough!" The consternation amongst the infidels was extreme; but, true to the bravery of their character, they made a vigorous stand. In vain: their ranks strewed the ground; six pachas fell with them; the vizier fled, and with him the remnant of his once formidable host. The Turkish camp, with its immense riches, became the prey of the victors: not only Germany

but Europe was saved. The hero of Christendom hastened to the cathedral of St. Stephen to join in a solemn Te Deum for the success of this memorable day.—*History of Poland.*

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## ANTIQUITY OF FASTING.

THE first positive command God gave to man was that of fasting or abstaining, when He enjoined him not to eat the forbidden fruit. Thus fasting, says St. Chrysostom, is coeval with the world, and saw the world in its cradle. Not, indeed, that man, in the state of innocence, stood in need of fast and abstinence as the means of subduing passions whose influence he had not yet felt, or of expiating sins he had not as yet committed; but being made with senses, God gave him a command relating to a sensible thing, to let him know that he had a master, to remind him of his obedience, to serve as a check to his desires, and as a caution to the sinner, in his state of misery and corruption not to neglect a remedy which would have served the innocent as an antidote in the state of holiness and integrity.

Let us read the annals of the world. Let us unravel the long chains of the most remote and venerable antiquity. In every page—at every

period of time since the fall of man, what do I see? I see God exasperated against the sinner, and the sinner, humbling himself by prayer, and fasting, wrest the thunderbolt out of His hands. I see just and righteous men mortifying their bodies in order to advance in merits and perfection.

When the small remnant of mankind had quitted Noah's ark, God forbade the use of blood, as well to inspire them with horror for murder, as to dispose themselves and posterity for abstinence. The law being published—sacrifices instituted—religious rites and legal ceremonies, shadowing forth under the veil of figures the sacrifice of the universal Victim that was to be one day offered up for the redemption of the world—solemn days of expiation were appointed, on which the people of God were to afflict their bodies on pain of extermination. In a word, fasting, humiliation, sackcloth, ashes, penance, and amendment of life, are seen everywhere in the law and the prophets, as means, and the only means, of disarming offended justice.

If it should be said, that such fasting and expiations were confined to the Mosaic dispensation, let it be remarked, that it is only the ceremonial part of the old law, such as ablutions, sacrifices, and other institutions and ceremonies figurative of the mystery of our redemption, that have been abolished. But such parts of the Mosaic law as

are founded on the law of nature, such as to honor our parents—not to steal—not to commit murder, etc., are to remain in their full force as long as mortals are in a state of trial under the control of God, everywhere present, to hear their prayers, to help their endeavors, and to reward or punish them according as they overcome or yield to their passions. For justice requires that the order which has been reversed by sensual gratification, should be re-established by penance, and in this sense Christ has declared that He came, not to abolish, but to bring the law to its perfection.

Hence, whether the Jews, who alone were bound by the law of Moses, or the Gentiles, such as the Ninevites, who were bound by the law of nature only, fasted, their fast was equally acceptable to God. Achab, threatened by the prophet, humbles himself by fasting. The Lord defers, until after his death, the punishment with which He threatened his family. The Ninevites, enervated with ease and luxury, are threatened with utter destruction after a lapse of forty days. Their voluptuous monarch descends from his throne, covers himself with sackcloth and ashes—proclaims a general fast—is imitated by his subjects of every description—the Lord relents, and repeals the fatal decree.

What shall I say of Moses and Elias, fasting on solitary mountains to qualify themselves for

heavenly revelations? What shall I say of David and Esther, mortifying themselves in the midst of palaces, the theatres of ease and luxury? What shall I say of the Redeemer of the world, who fasted for the space of forty days, to show that fasting is a sacrifice wherewith none can be dispensed, whether righteous or sinners? Not the righteous, because they have temptations to conquer, and passions to subdue: sinners much less, because they have crimes to atone for. There is no sporting with an authority which pleads the sanction of Heaven, and commands nothing but what has a real and effectual tendency to mortify our sinful lusts and affections, purify the soul, and assimilate us to a crucified Redeemer, of whom St. Paul says that we must "suffer with Him, to share His glory" Saul, king of Israel, imagined it no grievous sin to reserve, against the injunction of the prophet, a few fat lambs out of the spoils of Amalec. He reasoned, as I suppose every relaxed casuist does, who enters into a kind of collusion with a pliant and easy conscience, To keep a few lambs out of an immense flock, whose owners are doomed to destruction, cannot be such a heinous offence. Yet, for this very disobedience, God rejected him. "And Samuel said, hath the Lord so great delight in sacrifices as in obeying His voice? behold, to obey is better than sacrifice," for stubborness is iniquity and idolatry. (1 Kings, iv.)—*Rev Arthur O'Leary.*

## THE BROKEN HEART—MISS SARAH CURRAN.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."
—*Moore*

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation, all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was *one* heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in for-

tune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let *those* tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth, who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pangs of separation, none of those tender though melancholy circumstances, which endear the parting scene, nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherished attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all

kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love.

But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul, which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude, walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre lone and joyless, where all around is gay, to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly

heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on that occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of her early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and, at length, sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

—*Washington Irving.*

## NAPOLEON TURNED CATECHIST.

GEN. BERTRAND, his faithful companion in captivity, had a daughter about ten years old. One day the Emperor met her, and said—"My child, you are young, and many dangers await you in the world. What will become of you, if you are not fortified by religion? Come to me to-morrow, and I will give you your first lesson in catechism." For more than two years she went every day to the Emperor's quarters, where he heard her recite her catechism, and explained it to her with the utmost care and precision. When she had attained her sixteenth year, Napoleon said to her: "Now, my child, I believe you are sufficiently instructed in religion; it is time to think seriously of your first Communion. I am going to have two priests brought hither from France, one who will prepare you to live well, and the other will teach me to die well." It was done accordingly, and this pious young lady who as one might say, owed both her faith and her happiness to the Emperor Napoleon the Great, herself related these details to the bishop who assisted him in his last moments, in the month of August, 1845.—*Recompenses hebdomadaires* (*Daily Rewards*), No. XLVI., p. 19.

## LA FAYETTE AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Between two and three o'clock, the queen and the royal family went to bed. La Fayette, too, slept after the fatigues of this fearful day. At half-past four, a portion of the populace made their way into the palace, by an obscure interior passage, which had been overlooked, and which was not in that part of the château entrusted to La Fayette. They were evidently led by persons who well knew the secret avenues.

The infamous duke of Orleans was repeatedly recognized on the great staircase, pointing the assassins the way to the queen's chamber. They easily found it. Two of her guards were cut down in an instant; and she made her escape. La Fayette immediately rushed in with the national troops, protected the guards from the brutal populace, and saved the lives of the royal family, which had so nearly been sacrificed to the etiquette of the monarchy.

The day dawned, as this fearful scene of guilt and bloodshed was passing in the magnificent palace, whose construction had exhausted the revenues of Louis XIV., and which, for a century, had been the most splendid residence in Europe. As soon as it was light, the same furious multitude filled the vast space which, from the rich materials of which it is formed, passes under

the name of the court of marble. They called upon the king, in tones not to be mistaken, to go to Paris ; and they called for the queen, who had but just escaped from their daggers, to come out upon the balcony.

The king, after a short consultation with his ministers, announced his intention to set out for the capital ; but La Fayette was afraid to trust the queen in the midst of the bloodthirsty multitude. He went to her, therefore, with respectful hesitation and asked her, if it were her purpose to accompany the king to Paris. "Yes," she replied, "although I am aware of the danger." "Are you positively determined?" "Yes, sir." "Condescend, then, to go out upon the balcony, and suffer me to attend you." "Without the king?"—she replied hesitating—"have you observed the threats?" "Yes, madam, I have ; but dare to trust me."

He led her out upon the balcony. It was a moment of great responsibility, and great delicacy ; but nothing, he felt assured, could be so dangerous as to permit her to set out for Paris, surrounded by that multitude, unless its feelings could be changed. The agitation, the tumult, the cries of the crowd, rendered it impossible that his voice should be heard. It was necessary therefore, to address himself to the eye ; and, turning towards the queen, with that admirable presence of mind which had never yet forsook

him, and with that mingled grace and dignity, which were the peculiar inheritance of the ancient court of France, he simply kissed her hand, before the vast multitude.

An instant of silent astonishment followed, but the whole was immediately interpreted, and the air was rent with cries of "long live the queen!" "long live the general!" from the same fickle and cruel populace that, only two hours before, had imbrued their hands in the blood of the guards who defended the life of this same queen.

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## DEATH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years and slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eyes on splendor; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine, and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment bar was but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman. The blood of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds

which her own hand has mended attire the queen of the world. The death hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone* fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a "sanctuary, of sorrow" for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuilleries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.—*Carlyle.*

## BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Sitric, the Danish king, marched with his main force to Dundalk, and hurrying Callaghan and Duncan on board a ship, tied them to the mast. In the mean time, the Munster army reached Armagh, which they took by storm, putting the whole garrison to the sword, and then pursued the main body of the Danes to Dundalk. But when they came within view of the towns, they were filled with consternation to find that their king was a prisoner on board the enemy's fleet, which was now completely beyond their reach. Their despair, however, was soon converted into hope and exultation, when they beheld the Munster ships enter the bay, and the Irish admiral's quickly alongside that of the Danish general. Falbhe Fionn instantly boarded his antagonist, sword in hand, and, filled with indignation at the sight of his captive sovereign, rushed with irresistible fury through blood and slaughter, to cut the cords which bound him and Duncan to the mast; and after hurrying them on board his own ship returned to finish the victory which he had so gloriously begun. But he speedily fell a sacrifice in the cause of his country, and Sitric, cutting off his head exposed it, under the impression that it would strike his antagonists with terror and dismay. It had, however, an opposite effect; for

Fingall, the second in command, excited to fury by the death of his brave admiral, renewed the combat, resolved to conquer or die. A sanguinary conflict now ensued, but the vast superiority of the Danes left the brave Irish faint prospects of ultimate success. At this moment of despair, Fingall, being a powerful man, adopted a means of securing the victory, for which we have scarcely a parallel in history. Having singled out Sitric, he suddenly rushed on him, grasped him in his arms, and threw himself with him into the sea, where they both perished. Two other Irish chieftains, fired by his example, leaped over-board with Tor and Magnus, the brothers of Sitric, in their arms, and the Danes, appalled by such heroism and the loss of their commanders, gave way on every side, and were routed with prodigious slaughter.—*M'Gregor.*

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## THE MILLER'S PORTRAIT.

A WORTHY miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted as *looking out of the window of my mill;* but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head *in;* so as not

to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done so." He painted the mill, and the mill window. The miller looked at it, and inquired. "Where is myself looking out?" "O" said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know you pop *in* your head to preserve your credit for industry" "That's right," said the miller, "I'm content, that's right, that will do!"

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## HOW THEY KEPT THE BRIDGE AT ATHLONE.

St. Ruth, at Ballinasloe, on his way up from Limerick, heard next day that the English town had fallen. "He instantly set out at the head of fifteen hundred horse and foot, leaving the main army to follow as quickly as possible. On his arrival, he encamped about two miles west of the town, and appointed Lieutenant-General d'Usson governor instead of the gallant Fitzgerald, as being best skilled in defending fortified places." * Now came the opportunity for that splendid artillery, "the like of which," Mac-

*M'Cann.

aulay has told us, "had never been seen in Ireland." For seven long days of midsummer there poured against the Irish town such a storm of iron from seven batteries of heavy siege guns and mortars, that by the 27th the place was literally a mass of ruins, amongst which, we are told, "two men could not walk abreast." On that day "a hundred wagons arrived in the Williamite camp from Dublin, laden with a further supply of ammunition for the siege guns." That evening the enemy by grenades set on fire the fascines of the Irish breastwork at the bridge, and that night, under cover of a tremendous bombardment, they succeeded in flinging some beams over the broken arches, and partially planking them Next morning—it was Sunday, the 28th June—the Irish saw with consternation that barely a few planks more laid on would complete the bridge. Their own few cannon were now nearly all buried in the ruined masonry, and the enemy beyond had battery on battery trained on the narrow spot—it was *death* to show in the line of the all but finished causeway!

Out stepped from the ranks of Maxwell's regiment, a sergeant of dragoons, Custume by name. "Are there ten men here who will die with me for Ireland?" A hundred eager voices shouted aye. "Then," said he, "we will save Athlone; *the bridge must go down.*"

Grasping axes and crow-bars, the devoted band

rushed from behind the breastwork, and dashed forward upon the newly laid beams. A peal of artillery—a fusilade of musketry—from the other side, and the space was swept with grape-shot and bullets. When the smoke cleared away, the bodies of the brave Custume and his ten heroes lay on the bridge, riddled with balls. They had torn away some of the beams, but *every man of the eleven had perished!*

Out from the ranks of the same regiment dashed as many more volunteers "There are eleven men more who will die for Ireland." Again across the bridge rushed the heroes. Again the spot is swept by a murderous fusilade. The smoke lifts from the scene; nine of the second band lie dead upon the bridge—two survive, but the work is done! The last beam is gone; Athlone once more is saved!

I am not repeating a romance of fiction, but narrating a true story, recorded by lookers-on, and corroborated in all its substance by writers on the Williamite and on the Jacobite side. When, therefore, young Irishmen read in Roman history of Horatius Cocles and his comrades, who

> —"kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old,"

let them remember that the authentic annals of Ireland record a scene of heroism not dissimilar in many of its features, not less glorious in

aught! And when they read also of the fabled Roman patriot who plunged into the abyss at the forum, to save the city, let them remember that such devotion, not in fable, but in fact, has been still more memorably exhibited by Irishmen, and let them honor beyond the apocryphal Curtius, the brave Custume and his glorious companions, who died for Ireland at Athlone.

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## SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us forever,
The power and the splendor of thrones passed away;
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,
Through Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay.
Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,
And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand;
Ye bring us the bright thought of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reed by the summer breeze fanned,
It will call up a spirit of freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain,
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain
The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand;
But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,
Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger
With power over ocean and desert afar,
Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.
With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,
And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,

With hope for their country and joy for her banished,
Ye came to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring-time may come with the song of our glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.
It was thus of their triumph for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations
Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

—*Frances Browne, the Blind Poetess, of Donegal.*

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## THE CHARMED SERPENT.

One day, while we were encamped in a spacious plain on the bank of the Genesee River, we saw a rattlesnake. There was a Canadian in our party who could play on the flute, and to divert us he advanced toward the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his

lips, displays his evenomed fangs and his bloody throat. His double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, which sends forth an ominous sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapor.

The Canadian now begins to play on his flute. The serpent starts with surprise and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic sound, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail diminish, and the noise which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. The spiral folds of the charmed serpent, diverging from the perpendicular, expand, and one after the other sink to the ground in concentric circles. The tints of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and, slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile immediately lowers his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the slender grass, and begins to creep after the musician, halting when he halts, and again following him when he resumes his march. In this way he was led beyond the limits of our

camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes. After witnessing this wonderful effect of melody, the assembly unanimously decided that the marvellous serpent should be permitted to escape.—*Chateaubriand.*

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## TWO VIEWS OF NATURE.

We often rose at midnight and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors silently smoking their pipes. No noise was heard, save the dashing of the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire ran with a white foam along the sides of the vessel. God of Christians! it is on the waters of the abyss and on the vast expanse of the heavens that Thou hast particularly engraven the character of Thy omnipotence! Millions of stars sparkling in the azure of the celestial dome—the moon in the midst of the firmament—a sea unbounded by any shore—infinitude in the skies and on the waves—proclaim with most impressive effect the power of Thy arm! Never did Thy greatness strike me with profounder awe than in those nights, when, suspended between the stars

and the ocean, I beheld immensity over my head and immensity beneath my feet!

I am nothing; I am only a simple, solitary wanderer, and often have I heard men of science disputing on the subject of a Supreme Being, without understanding them; but I have invariably remarked, that it is in the prospect of the sublime scenes of nature that this unknown Being manifests Himself to the human heart. One evening, after we had reached the beautiful waters that bathe the shores of Virginia, there was a profound calm, and every sail was furled. I was engaged below, when I heard the bell that summoned the crew to prayers. I hastened to mingle my supplications with those of my travelling companions. The officers of the ship were on the quarter-deck with the passengers, while the chaplain, with a book in his hand, was stationed at a little distance before them; the seamen were scattered at random over the poop, we were all standing, our faces toward the prow of the vessel, which was turned to the west.

The solar orb, about to sink beneath the waves, was seen through the rigging, in the midst of boundless space; and, from the motion of the stern, it appeared as if it changed its horizon every moment. A few clouds wandered confusedly in the east, where the moon was slowly rising. The rest of the sky was serene; and towards the north, a water-spout, forming a glorious triangle with

the luminaries of day and night, and glistening with all the colors of the prism, rose from the sea like a column of crystal supporting the vault of heaven.

He had been well deserving of pity who would not have recognized in this prospect the beauty of God. When my companions, doffing their tarpaulin hats, entoned with hoarse voice their simple hymn to Our Lady of Good Help, the patroness of the seas, the tears flowed from my eyes in spite of myself. How affecting was the prayer of those men, who, from a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting behind the waves!

How the appeal of the poor sailor to the Mother of Sorrows went to the heart! The consciousness of our insignificance in the presence of the Infinite—our hymns, resounding to a distance over the silent waves—the night approaching with its dangers—our vessel, itself a wonder among so many wonders, a religious crew, penetrated with admiration and with awe,—a venerable priest in prayer—the Almighty bending over the abyss, with one hand staying the sun in the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and lending, through all immensity, an attentive ear to the feeble voice of His creatures—all this constituted a scene which no power of art can represent, and which it is scarcely possible for the heart of man to feel.

Let us now pass to the terrestrial scene. I had wandered one evening, in the woods, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara, when soon the last glimmering of daylight disappeared, and I enjoyed, in all its loneliness, the beauteous prospect of night amid the deserts of the New World.

An hour after sunset, the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite part of the heavens. A balmy breeze, which the Queen of night had brought with her from the east, seemed to precede her in the forests, like her perfumed breath. The lonely luminary slowly ascended in the firmament, now peacefully pursuing her azure course, and now reposing on groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty, snow-covered mountains. These clouds, by the contraction and expansion of their vapory forms, rolled themselves into transparent zones of white satin, scattering in airy masses of foam, or forming in the heavens brilliant beds of down so lovely to the eye that you would have imagined you felt their softness and elasticity.

The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting; the soft and bluish beams of the moon darted through the intervals between the trees, and threw streams of light into the midst of the most profound darkness. The river that glided at my feet was now lost in the wood, and now reappearing, glistening with the constellations of night,

which were reflected on its bosom. In a vast plain beyond this stream, the radiance of the moon reposed quietly on the verdure.

Birch-trees scattered here and there in the savanna, and agitated by the breeze, formed shadowy islands which floated on a motionless sea of light. Near me, all was silence and repose, save the fall of some leaf, the transient rustling of a sudden breath of wind, or the hooting of the owl; but at a distance was heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the falls of Niagara, which in the stillness of the night was prolonged from desert to desert, and died away among the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing solemnity of the scene, cannot be expressed in language; nor can the most delightful sights of Europe afford any idea of it. In vain does imagination attempt to soar in our cultivated fields; it everywhere meets with the habitations of men: but in those wild regions the mind loves to penetrate into an ocean of forests, to hover round the abysses of cataracts, to meditate on the banks of lakes and rivers, and as it were, to find itself alone with God.

—*Chateaubriand.*

## JULIAN THE APOSTATE SEEKS TO REBUILD THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM

THE miracles of Our Lord prove His divinity, but no less do His prophecies. Of these the last one in particular has been much celebrated; it is that in which He said, speaking of the temple of Jerusalem: *There shall not remain of it a stone upon a stone.* The Emperor Julian the Apostate, who lived in 362, undertook to falsify this so clear prediction. He announced to the Jews that he was going to rebuild their temple, inviting them to lend their aid. He attracted the most skilful workmen from every country, employed whole troops of laborers, and committed the superintendence of the work to Alypius, one of his most devoted officers. The Jews flocked to Jerusalem from every quarter of the world; they exulted, and published everywhere that the kingdom of Israel was about to be re-established. They feared not even to insult the Christians in a thousand ways, because they felt themselves supported by the imperial power. What remained of the ancient temple was easily destroyed, so that the Scripture was literally fulfilled, and not one stone left on another. With the same facility were the foundations dug out anew. But, as soon as the first stones were laid, there came a tremendous earthquake, which cast the stones forth to a

great distance. Fierce whirlwinds arose too, and carried off the sand, lime, and other materials, which had been heaped up in immense quantities. But what was most terrible, as it was most evidently supernatural, great globes of fire issuing from the building and rolling in all directions with frightful rapidity, threw down the workmen, cast them forth, consumed them body and bones, and reduced them to ashes. The flames even sought and destroyed the hammers, pickaxes, chisels and all other tools which were stored away in a separate building. A torrent of fire winding through the place and shooting hither and thither burned or stifled the Jews, whom it seemed to distinguish from the Christians, and from even the pagans. The dread phenomenon was renewed several times in open day. By night, the Jews perceived on their garments, crosses so indelibly stamped that, do what they would, they could not efface them. A luminous cross was also seen in the heavens, from Calvary to Mount Olivet. The obstinate children of Israel failed not to return several times to their work. They encouraged each other to persevere, hoping to secure the favor of the apostate prince. Every time they were repulsed in a manner equally fatal and miraculous; so that many of them, and a still greater number of idolaters, openly confessed the divinity of Jesus Christ and asked for baptism. This truly wonderful prodigy has been recorded, not only by

all the ecclesiastical writers, but by several pagan authors, and especially Ammien-Marcellinus, who lived in that time. St. John Chrysostom even adds that, in his time, the foundations dug out by the Jews were still wide open and plain to be seen.—*Reyre, Anec. Chret.*, 28.

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## A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is bedtime, and sing their national song until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and then listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

## BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.

It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instrument, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sang out, "Good-night," which was repeated as before, until every one retired to his resting-place.

The Swedish mountaineers, since the days of the great Gustavus, have been extravagantly fond of music. The female mountaineers blow on an instrument called a *lar*, a sort of long trumpet, sometimes twelve feet in length. Its sound is strong, and at the same time sharp, yet by no means unpleasant. When supported by one and played on by another, it presents a very odd appearance, and may be heard at a very great distance.

## THE BELL IS THE VOICE OF GOD.

Golden dreams though my mind are gliding,
Bright scenes of home before me roll,
Child on my father's knee I'm riding—
When lo, on my ear th' toll, toll, toll;
From th' matin bell rings to my soul—
I am the Voice of God.

Up from my couch, while quickly leaping,
I raise my soul to God on high,
Soon from books I am gaily reaping,
The golden crops that in them lie;
And th' noon-day bell whispers right well—
I am the Voice of God.

The sable clouds of night are falling,
Their shades upon my thoughts are now
My actions of the day recalling,
I need to pray with sober brow;
Then th' vesper bell chimes out so well—
I am the Voice of God.

Thus my life I am calmly spending,
Within St. Mary's peaceful walls,
To pray'rs and games, to studies tending,
As each of them to my lot falls;
And I hear th' swell of th' college bell—
As if the Voice of God.

—*Treacy.*

## LETTER TO THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

It was the creed, my Lord, of a Charlemagne, of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca and the Helvetic nations, in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the barons of the middle ages, all the free cities of latter times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my Lord, that the charter of British freedom, and the common law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitution of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the New World, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear little less than the angels? Were they not almost exclusively

the professors of our creed? Were they who created and possessed freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world, and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition?—*Dr. Doyle.*

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## SURRENDER OF GRENADA.

DAY dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun smiling away the clouds of the past night played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

"What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves—we kings! Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more

material luxuries of food and sleep—the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes; I am but leveled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . .But it is time to depart." So saying he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and with a small and saddened train passed through the gate which we yet survey by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy, thence amid gardens, now appertaining to a convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and, at the same moment louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum* which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Jago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight the King's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the

fatal ceremonial, and slackened not his speed till almost within bow-shot of the first rank of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque, halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien majestic more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration, ran through that assem-

bly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "Oh, king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered."

Thus saying Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when

she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality, beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

Boabdil spurred on, at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine, (sent on before), awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence, which is the

pass into the Alpuxarras From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly, the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride of stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.—*Bulwer.*

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## MISS NANO NAGLE—NUNS OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

IN tracing the progress of the human mind, it is often delightful to derive instruction, not only from the characters which occupy the prominent

scenes of history, but also from those beneficent spirits who have most effectively though unobtrusively promoted the interests of society. Among the latter, we owe the tribute of our gratitude to those who have increased our stock of knowledge —still more to such as have contributed to its diffusion—but most of all to those practical philanthropists who have made it the instrument of great and permanent good. The biography of such individuals has often a charm beyond the more troubled and diffusive course of general history, and if their lives be marked by trials and difficulties, and their conduct and enterprises bear the impress of providential design, it excites in the reflecting mind an interest as intense as it is elevating and influential. We may often seek in vain for even a passing allusion to such characters in the annals of their country; but they are more touchingly and faithfully recorded in the institutions to which they have given birth.

Among those which have adorned the last century, our own country may claim one of the most remarkable in providential design, as well as in practical beneficence. It is indeed not a little singular that the reviver of popular education in this country should be a female; and that a scene which, at the time of its occurrence, seemed merely accidental, should form the prelude and occasion of one of the noblest institutes

ever opened to the moral wants of our species.

Miss Nano Nagle, who had the glory and the happiness of being the instrument of a paternal Providence in this visitation of mercy, was descended of an opulent and respectable family in the county of Cork.

Sent to Paris for the purpose of education, the moral and intellectual energy by which she was characterized there received its first development, as well as its future direction. Introduced at a subsequent period to the brilliant society of that metropolis, she mingled occasionally in its amusements, without yielding to their fascination. It was at this time an incident occurred, trivial in itself, but which proved deeply impressive to her, and gave an impulse to the entire tenor of her subsequent conduct. Returning one morning from a ball, she observed a group of poor people at the gate of a church, waiting for admittance, for the purpose of worshiping the Author of their being, and of consecrating to Him the actions of the day, in union with the divine Victim who was then about to be offered up. No homily could be more impressive, with her, than this silent but eloquent remonstrance on the vanity of misspent time, and the selfishness and folly of a life of pleasure. A mingled feeling of shame and sorrow stole upon her as she contemplated that humble but fervent group of worshippers, and contrasted the exalted object to which they de-

voted their time, with the illusions of the scene from which she had recently passed.

The impression was not a passing emotion, but a heart-felt conviction. Her mind was of too noble a stamp not to feel proudly and energetically all that the Spirit of God suggested to her on that interesting occasion. Recalling to mind His mercies, both general and special, she felt that it would be most ungenerous on her part, if she did not atone for any tepidity in her past life by an unqualified consecration of herself to that beneficent Being, whose yoke was far sweeter than the boasted freedom of a life of pleasure. An offering so devoted could not fail of being accepted; the will of God was gradually manifested towards her, by bringing vividly before her mind the moral wants of her own country, her perfect adaptation for the relief of those wants, by the talents and qualities with which she was endowed, by her social influence and position, the new but powerful sympathy awakened within her for the religious destitution of the poor, and, above all, the directing voice of her superiors. One of the noblest missions ever opened to the heart and hand of charity was the reward of her devotedness. The female poor of a country, where education had been long prohibited as a crime, and who consequently languished under all evils which ignorance is sure to entail, were confided to her care; she was destined not only to renew before the

altar of God, a light still brighter and more permanent than that with which the first of Irish virgins honored the shrine of Kildare; but to diffuse it from the sanctuary over the land, until it carried its purifying influence into the lowliest abode of poverty, as well as into the darkest haunt of guilt. On returning to her native land, she divested herself of her worldly dress and ornaments and assumed the humble garb and painful duties of a teacher—a teacher who combined the zeal of an apostle with more than a mother's love, and who brightened and smoothed the path of knowledge, with the look and smile of redeeming charity. It was not, however, until she had passed through the ordeal of trial and difficulty, to which God ordinarily subjects those whom He elects as the instrument of great and extensive good, that she was enabled to realize the project which she had in view. It was not only the terrors of a penal code, and the scorn and ridicule of the worldly-minded and the selfish which she had to encounter; but what was still more distressing, the anger and reproaches of friends, and the depraved habits as well as the gross ignorance of the pupils first committed to her charge. Commencing the work of mercy, alone and unaided, with very limited resources, and in a delicate state of health, she soon sank under the labors of her zeal; but the hand that led her to the enterprise sustained her under this visitation, and re-

stored her once more to the cause of charity, not only with renovated health, but with ample means for the execution of her benevolent designs. An example so devoted could not fail to exercise its salutary influence on others, and the comforts and ties of home were soon sacrificed for the toils and privations of charity, by a train of generous rivals and imitators in the same course. This little association became the germ of that noble institute, which, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and the title of her Presentation in the Temple, has since overshadowed the land, giving security and repose to the various objects of moral destitution. Though her first efforts were directed to the instruction of the poor, Miss Nagle subsequently became the foundress of that invaluable institute, for the education of the higher and middling classes, which under the patronage of St. Ursula, has tended so powerfully to promote the interests of religion and morality in those grades of society. But her zeal was not limited to these undertakings; it extended to the education of indigent male children, and she may be justly considered the precursor of those numerous religious establishments for their literary and moral training, which are now so extensively diffused through the country. An order similar to her institution of the Presentation, had been previously established in France, by M. N. Sanguin, the holy bishop of Senlis, and may have probably

suggested the model. At present this institute numbers more than thirty houses in the kingdom, with an average of from fifteen to twenty thousand pupils in daily attendance throughout the year, exclusive of a few houses in Great Britain, all the growth of little more than half a century.

Without, then, detracting in the least from the brilliant reputation of that gifted lady, with whose poetical effusions we have enriched our present work, or the more masculine genius of her, who has penetrated the abyss of the heavens, and trod the milky-way, or the rare talents and practical wisdom of our own countrywoman, who has written so ably on the duties and moralities of social life, we venture to assert, that the records of the three kingdoms cannot produce, in ancient or modern times, a female who has achieved so much for the cause of education and religion, and proved such a benefactress to her kind as this lady, whose only monument is the institutions which she raised.—*C. B.*

## THE LAST HOURS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

When she was shown the ratification of her sentence, and the order for her execution, signed by Elizabeth, she tranquilly remarked, "It is well; this is the generosity of Queen Elizabeth! Could any one believe she would have dared to go to these extremities with me, who am her sister and her equal, and who could not be her subject? Nevertheless, God be praised for all, since He does me this honor of dying for Him and for His Church. Blessed be the moment that will end my pilgrimage; a soul so cowardly as not to accept this last combat on earth, would be unworthy of heaven!"

It was night, and she entered her chapel and prayed, with her naked knees on the bare pavement. She then said to her women, "I would eat something, so that my heart may not fail me to-morrow, and that I may do nothing to make my friends ashamed of me." Her last repast was sober, solemn, but not without some sallies of humor. "Wherefore," she asked Bastien, who had been her chief buffoon, "dost thou not seek to amuse me? Thou art a good mimic, but a bitter servant."

Returning soon after, to the idea that her death

was a martyrdom, and addressing Bourgoin, her physician, who waited on her, and Melvil, her steward, who were both kept under arrest, as well as Préaux, her almoner: "Bourgoin," said she, "did you hear the Earl of Kent? It would have taken another kind of doctor to convict me. He has acknowledged besides that the warrant for my execution is the triumph of heresy in this country. It is true," she rejoined with pious satisfaction, "they put me to death not as an accomplice of conspiracy, but as a queen devoted to the Church. Before their tribunal my faith is my crime, and the same shall be my justification before my Sovereign Judge."

Her maidens, her officers, all her attendants were struck with grief, and looked upon her in silence, being scarcely able to contain themselves. Toward the end of the repast, Mary spoke of her testament, in which none of their names were to be omitted. She asked for the silver and jewels which remained, and distributed them with her hand as with her heart. She addressed farewells to each, with that delicate tact so natural to her, and with kindly emotion. She asked their pardon, and gave her own to every one present or absent. They all burst into sobs, and threw themselves on their knees around the table. The queen, much moved, drank to their health, inviting them to drink also to her salvation. They weepingly obeyed, and in their turn drank to

their mistress, carrying to their lips the cup in which their tears mingled with the wine.

The queen, affected at this sad spectacle, wished to be alone. She composed her last will. When written and finished, Mary, alone in her chamber with Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, asks how much money she has left. She possessed five thousand crowns, which she separates into as many lots as she has servants, proportioning the sums to their various ranks, functions, and wants. These portions she placed in an equal number of purses for the following day. She then asked for water, and had her feet washed by her maids of honor. Afterward she wrote to the king of France:

"I recommend to you my servants once more, You will ordain, if it please you, for my soul's sake, that I be paid the sum that you owe to me, and that for the honor of Jesus Christ, to whom I shall pray for you to-morrow at the hour of my death, there may be enough to found a mass for the repose of my soul, and for the needful alms. This Wednesday, at two of the clock after midnight. "M. R."

She now felt the necessity of repose, and lay down on her bed. On her women approaching her, she said, "I would have preferred a sword in the French manner, rather than this axe." She then fell asleep for a short time and even during her slumber her lips moved as if in prayer. Her

face, as if lighted up from within with a spiritual beatitude, never shone with a beauty so charming and so pure. It was illuminated with so sweet a ravishment, so bathed in the grace of God, that she seemed to "smile with the angels," according to the expression of Elizabeth Curle. She slept and prayed, praying more than she slept, by the light of a little silver lamp given her by Henry II., and which she had preserved through all her fortunes. This little lamp, Mary's last light in her prison, was as the twilight of her tomb; humble implement made tragic by the memories it recalls!

Awaking before daylight, the queen rose. Her first thoughts were for eternity. She looked at the clock, and said, "I have only two hours to live here below." It was now six o'clock.

She added a postscript to her letter addressed to the King of France, requesting that the interest of her dowry should be paid after her death to her servants; that their wages and pensions should continue during their lives; that her physician (Bourgoin) should be received into the service of the king, and that Didier, an old officer of her household, might retain the place she had given him. She added, "Moreover, that my almoner may be restored to his estate, and in my favor provided with some small curacy, where he may pray God for my soul during the rest of his life." The letter was thus subscribed: "Faet

le matin de ma mort, ce mercredy, huitiesme Fevrier, 1587. Marie, Royne. Done on this morning of my death, this Wednesday, eighth February, 1587. Mary, Queen."

A pale winter daybreak illuminated these last lines. Mary perceived it, and, calling to her Elizabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy, made a sign to them to robe her for this last ceremony of royalty. While their friendly hands thus apparelled her, she remained silent. When fully dressed she placed herself before one of her two large mirrors, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and seemed to consider her face with pity. She then turned round and said to her maidens: "This is the moment to guard against weakness. I remember that in my youth, my uncle Francis said to me one day in his house at Meudon, 'My niece, there is one mark above all by which I recognize you as of my own blood. You are brave as the bravest of my men-at-arms, and if women still fought as in the old times, I think you would know well how to die.' It remains for me to show to both friends and enemies from what race I have sprung."

She had asked for her almoner, Préaux; two Protestant ministers were sent to her. "Madam, we come to console you," they said, stepping over the threshold of her chamber. "Are you Catholic priests?" she cried. "No," replied they. "Then I will have no comforter, but

Jesus," she added with a melancholy firmness.

She now entered her chapel. She had there prepared with her own hands an altar, before which her almoner sometimes said mass to her secretly. There kneeling down, she repeated many prayers in a low voice. She was reciting the prayers for the dying when a knock at the door of her chamber suddenly interrupted her. "What do they wish of me?" asked the queen, arising. Bourgoin replied from the chamber, where he was placed with the other servants, that the lords awaited her Majesty. "It is not yet time," she replied; "let them return at the hour fixed." Then throwing herself anew on her knees between Elizabeth Curle and Jane Kennedy, she melted into tears, and striking her breast gave thanks to God for all, praying to Him fervently and with deep sobs that He would support her in her last trial. Becoming calmer by degrees, in trying to calm her two companions, she remained for some time in silent and supreme converse with her God.

She then went to the window, looked out upon the calm sky, the river, the meadows, the woods. Returning to the middle of the chamber and casting her eyes toward the time-piece (called *la Reale*), she said to Jane, "The hour has struck, they will soon be here."

Scarcely had she pronounced these words when Andrew, sheriff of the county of Northampton,

knocked a second time at the door, and, her women drawing back, she mildly commanded them to open it. The officer of justice entered, dressed in mourning, a white rod in his right hand, and, bowing before the queen twice repeated, "I am here."

A slight blush mounted to the queen's cheeks, and, advancing with majesty, she said, "Let us go."

She took with her the ivory crucifix which had never left her for seventeen years, and which she had carried from cell to cell, suspending it in the various chapels of her captivity. As she suffered much from pains brought on by the dampness of her prisons, she leaned on two of her domestics, who led her to the threshold of the chamber. There they stopped, and Bourgoin explained to the queen the strange scruple of her attendants, who desired to avoid the appearance of conducting her to slaughter. The queen though she would have preferred their support, made allowance for their weakness, and was content to lean on two of Paulet's guards. Then all her attendants accompanied her to the uppermost flight of stairs, where the guards barred their passage in spite of their supplications, despair and lamentations, with their arms extended toward the dear mistress whose footsteps they were hindered from following.

The queen, deeply pained, slightly quickened

her steps, with the design of protesting against this violence and of obtaining a more fitting escort.

Sir Amyas Paulet and Drew Drury, the governor of Fotheringay, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Kent, the other commissioners, and many strangers of distinction, among whom where Sir Henry Talbot, Edward and William Montague, Sir Richard Knightly, Thomas Brudnell Bevil, Robert and John Wingfield, received her at the bottom of the stair.

Perceiving Melvil bent down with grief, "Courage, my faithful friend," she said; "learn to resign thyself." "Ah, madam," cried Melvil, approaching his mistress and falling at her feet, "I have lived too long, since my eyes now see you the prey of the executioner, and since my lips must tell of this fearful punishment in Scotland." Sobs then burst from his breast instead of words.

"No weakness, my dear Melvil!" she added. "Pity those who thirst for my blood, and who shed it unjustly. As for me, I make no complaint. Life is but a valley of tears, and I leave it without regret. I die for the Catholic faith, and in the Catholic faith; I die the friend of Scotland and of France. Bear testimony everywhere to the truth. Once more, cease, Melvil, to afflict thyself; rather rejoice that the misfortunes of Mary Stuart are at an end. Tell my son to remember his mother."

While the queen spoke, Melvil, still on his

knees, shed a torrent of tears. Mary, having raised him up, took his hand, and, leaning forward, embraced him. "Farewell," she added, "farewell, my dear Melvil; never forget me in thy heart or thy prayers!"

Addressing the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, she then asked that her secretary Curle might be pardoned. The earls keeping silence, she again prayed them to allow her women and servants to accompany her, and to be present at her death. The Earl of Kent replied that such a course would be unusual, and even dangerous; that the boldest would desire to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood: that the most timid, and, above all, the women, would at least trouble the course of Elizabeth's justice by their cries. Mary persisted. "My lords," said she, "if your queen were here, your virgin queen, she would not think it fitting for my rank and my sex to die in the midst of men only, and would grant me some of my women to be beside my hard and last pillow." Her words were so eloquent and touching that the lords who surrounded her would have yielded to her request, but for the obstinacy of the Earl of Kent. The queen perceived this, and, looking upon the puritan earl, she cried in a deep voice:

"Shed the blood of Henry VII., but despise it not. Am I not still Mary Stuart? a sister of your mistress and her equal: twice crowned; twice a queen; dowager Queen of France; legitimate

Queen of Scotland?" The earl was affected, but still unyielding.

Mary, with softer look and accent, then said, "My lords, I give you my word that my servants will avoid all you fear. Alas! the poor souls will do nothing but take farewell of me; surely you will not refuse this sad satisfaction either to me or to them? Think, my lords, of your own servants, of those who please you best; the nurses who have suckled you; the squires who have borne your arms in war; these servants of your prosperity are less dear to you than to me are the attendants of my misfortunes. Once more, my lords, do not send away mine in my last moments. They desire nothing but to remain faithful to me, to love me to the end, and to see me die."

The peers, after consultation, agreed to Mary's wishes. The Earl of Kent said, however, that he was still doubtful of the effect of their lamentations on the assistants, and on the queen herself.

"I will answer for them," Mary replied; their love for me will give them strength, and my example will lend them courage. To me it will be sweet to know they are there, and that I shall have witness of my perseverance in the faith."

The commissioners did not insist further, and granted to the queen four attendants and two of her maidens. She chose Melvil her steward, Bourgoin her physician, Gervais her surgeon, Gosin her druggist, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth

Curle, the two companions who had replaced Elizabeth Pierrepoint in her heart. Melvil, who was present, was called by the queen herself, and an usher of Lord Paulet was sent for the others, who had remained at the upper balcony of the stair, and who now hastened down, happy even in their anguish to perform this last duty of devotion and fidelity.

Appeased by this complaisance on the part of the earls, the queen beckoned to the sheriff and his followers to advance. She was the first to lead the melancholy procession to the scaffold.

She arrived in the hall of death. Pale, but unflinching, she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and axe. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier which was to be her last prison.

It was nine o'clock when the queen appeared in the funeral hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain privileged persons to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth: the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster: the arm chair in which Mary was to sit, the foot-stool on which she was to kneel,

the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensigns of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin, with pearl buttons and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which were attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace, which, in some measure, softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal, was thrown around her.

She was preceded by the sheriff, by Drury and Paulet, the earls and nobles of England, and followed by her two maidens and four officers, among whom was remarked Melvil, bearing the train of the royal robe. Mary's walk was firm and majestic. For a single moment she raised her veil, and her face, on which shone a hope no longer of this world, seemed beautiful as in the days of her youth. The whole assembly were deeply moved. In one hand she held a crucifix and in the other one of her chaplets.

The Earl of Kent rudely addressed her, "We should wear Christ in our hearts."

"And wherefore," she replied quickly, "should I have Christ in my hand if He were not in my

heart?" Paulet assisting her to mount the scaffold, she threw upon him a look full of sweetness.

"Sir Amyas," she said, "I thank you for your courtesy; it is the last trouble I will give you, and the most agreeable service you can render me."

Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face towards the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the queen, with a black velvet foot-stool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated like him on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the queen stood the sheriff, Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments of black velvet, with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens. In the body of the hall the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by the musketeers of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the queen protested against it in the name of royalty and innocence, but accepted death for the sake of the faith.

She then knelt down before the block, and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning toward

the earls with a blush on her forehead, "I am not accustomed," she said, "to be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber."

She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross, and scapulary. On their touching her robe, the queen told them to unloose the corsage and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the axe. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent.

"My friends," she cried, "I have answered for you, do not melt me; ought you not rather to praise God for having inspired your mistress with courage and resignation?" Yielding, however, in her turn to her own sensibility, she warmly embraced her maidens; then pressing them to descend from the scaffold, where they both clung to her dress, with hands bathed in their tears, she addressed to them a tender blessing and a last farewell. Melvil and his companions remained, as if choked with grief, at a short distance from the queen. Overcome by her accents, the executioners themselves besought her on their knees to pardon them.

"I pardon you," she said, "after the example of my Redeemer."

She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold, with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy. Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." She knelt anew, and leaned her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks; and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the axe, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body. The executioner held it up at the window, within sight of all, proclaiming aloud, according to usage, "So perish the enemies of our queen!"

The queen's maids of honor and attendants enshrouded the body, and claimed it, in order that it should be sent to France; but these relics of their tenderness and faith were pitilessly refused.

Elizabeth, having thus mercilessly sacrificed the life of her whom she had so long and so unjustly retained in hopeless captivity, now added the most flagrant duplicity to her cruelty. Denying, with many oaths, all intention of having her own warrant carried into execution, she attempted to throw the entire odium on those who in reality had acted as her blind and devoted agents. This policy of the English queen was unsuccessful, however; posterity has with clear

voice proclaimed her guilty of the blood of her royal sister, and the sanguinary stain will ever remain ineffaceable from the character of that sovereign.—*Lamartine.*

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## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SISTER of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender, and mild,
In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
Ever thy love like an angel reposes,
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half-hidden in roses,
And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the bier.

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to heav'n uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold;
And O! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,
What hundredfold blessings descend on thee then—
Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the Holiest,
O for thy living soul, ardent as pure—
Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest—
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor;
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows;
And the music, that seems heaven's language, is pealing —
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.

O that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
Could rend every earthly affection away!
And yet, in thy presence, the billows subsiding
Obey the strong effort of reason and will,

And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender
Choir-music thy voice is — thy step angel-grace,
And thy union with Deity shrines in a splendor
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee
Afar from thy home in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around thee
Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day,

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
Intervene as a cloud between us and His glory,
And shield from His lightnings the shuddering soul.
As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending
That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
While He hears with the wail of a penitent blending
Thy prayer, holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.

—*R. D. Williams.*

## OLD IRELAND.

I SEE her through the mist of memory; I see her with the mists of ocean resting on her hills; I hear, as afar off, the eternal music of the waves around her coast; I hear in her valleys and her caves the songs of the winds soft as the sounds of harps; I recall her in many a vision of lonely beauty, brightened by the sunshine on river, lake, and dell; in many a vision too of sombre glory, in the battle of the tempests against her mountain summits and her rock-bound shores. I bring her *national* life back to my memory in heroic story, in saintly legend, in tales passionate and wild, in the grand old poetry of the supernatural and solemn imagination, which people love to whose spirits the souls of the immortal whisper, on whose ears there linger the voices of the mighty *past*. I bring her *domestic* life back to my heart, in her gracious old affections which so sweeten earthly care, in her gracious old phrases into which these old affections breathe; for never did fondness deepen into richer melody of love than in "Cushla machree;" and never did the welcome of hospitality sound in more generous eloquence than in that of "Cead mille failthe." All these come back to me through the spaces of years; and my heart answers to them with

"Erin mavourneen." If I forget thee, Ireland let my right hand forget its cunning; if ever I do not speak of thee lovingly and reverently, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

—*Henry Giles.*

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## THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS

["I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye was most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room; to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. * * * * She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying in French, 'That resembles the Emperor much: yes, how like him it is!' I could not help feeling that she must exist as it were in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed."—*Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's*

*Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon, in "The Keepsake" for* 1837 ]

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy, and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched—like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace—
And in her dark eye's flash—a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanced round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since, with the primal beam,

Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own
immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its
smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured
glories throw.

Her daughters there—the beautiful!—look'd down
in dazzling sheen;
One lovelier than the Queen of Love—one crown'd
an earthly queen!
Her sons—the proud—the Paladins! with dia-
dem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire
of that room!

But right before her couch's foot, one mightest
picture blazed—
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly
were raised;—
A monarch's, too!—and, monarch-like, the
artist's hand had bound him,
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd
purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that
o'er him flashed and rolled,
Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its
bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his
hand which lay,

That Charlemagne had burst death's reign and
leaped again to day'

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificent-
ly stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny
we learn!—
The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while
nations watch its nod,
As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunder-
bolts of God.

Such was the scene—the noontide hour—which,
after many a year
Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like
career—
Saw the mother of the mightiest—NAPOLEON'S
MOTHER—lie
With the living dead around her, with the past
before her eye!

She saw her son—of whom the Seer in Patmos
bare record—
Who broke one seal—one vial poured—wild angel
of the Lord!
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of
his face,
And *lived* and knew that the hoarse sea-mew
wailed o'er his burial place.

Yet was she not forgotten:—from every land and
wave,

The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and
the brave
Passed not her halls unnoticed, but, lingering,
claimed to pay
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in
decay.

And England's gentle daughter, in that deserted
hour,
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and
genius was thy dower,
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty
to assuage,
Albeit for one bright moment brief, that woman's
lonely age

"I am alone!" she still exclaimed—and haply
thou didst say
How much our human sympathies were with her
far away;
How much *one* spirit mourn'd with hers, let this
wild strain impart,
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy good and gifted
heart. —*B. Simmons.*

## THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

During the persecution under the Emperor Decius, there lived in the city of Ephesus seven young men, who were Christians: their names were Maximian, Malcus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine; and as they refused to offer sacrifice to the idols, they were accused before the tribunal. But they fled and escaped to Mount Cœlian, where they hid themselves in a cave. Being discovered, the tyrant ordered that they should roll great stones to the mouth of the cavern, in order that they might die of hunger. They, embracing each other, fell asleep.

And it came to pass in the thirtieth year of the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, that there broke out that dangerous heresy which denied the resurrection of the dead. The pious Emperor, being greatly afflicted, retired to the interior of his palace, putting on sackcloth, and covering his head with ashes: therefore, God took pity on him, and restored his faith by bringing back these just men to life—which came to pass in this manner:

A certain inhabitant of Ephesus, repairing to the top of Mount Cœlian to build a stable for his cattle, discovered the cavern; and when the light penetrated therein, the sleepers awoke, believing

that their slumbers had only lasted for a single night They rose up, and Malchus, one of the number, was dispatched to the city to purchase food. He, advancing cautiously and fearfully, beheld to his astonishment the image of the cross surmounting the city gate. He went to another gate, and there he found another cross. He rubbed his eyes, believing himself still asleep, or in a dream ; and entering the city, he heard everywhere the name of Christ pronounced openly : and he was more and more confounded.

When he repaired to the baker's, he offered in payment an ancient coin of the time of the Emperor Decius, and they looked at him with astonishment, thinking that he had found a hidden treasure And when they accused him, he knew not what to reply Seeing his confusion, they bound him and dragged him through the streets with contumely : and he looked round, seeking some one whom he knew, but not a face in all the crowd was familiar to him

Being brought before the bishop, the truth was disclosed, to the great amazement of all. The bishop, the governor, and the principal inhabitants of the city, followed him to the entrance of the cavern, where the other six youths were found. Their faces had the freshness of roses, and the brightness of a holy light was around them. Theodosius himself, being informed of this great wonder, hastened to the cavern ; and one of the

sleepers said to him, "Believe us, O Emperor! for we have been raised before the Day of Judgment, in order that thou mightest trust in the Resurrection of the Dead!" And having said this, they bowed their heads and gave up their spirits to God. They had slept in their cavern for 196 years.

Gibbon, in quoting this tradition, observes that it may be traced to within half a century of the date of the miracle. About the end of the sixth century, it was translated from the Syriac into the Latin, and was spread over the whole of western Christendom. Nor was it confined to the Christian world. Mahomet has introduced it, as a divine revelation, into the Koran. It has penetrated into Abyssinia. It has been found in Scandinavia;—in fact, in the remotest regions of the Old World this singular tradition, in one form or another, appears to have been known and accepted.

The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, extended in their cave side by side, occur perpetually in the miniatures, ancient sculptures, and stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Thus they are represented in the frieze of the chapel of Edward the Confessor, at Westminster. In general the name of each is written overhead.

—*Mrs. Jameson.*

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

O! WHY did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day?
O! why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
*Mavourneen! mavourneen!* O why did you die?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
My heart was bound up in the life that is gone,
O! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
*Achora, macushla!* why leave me alone?
The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding;
The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding—
O! *Maura, mavourneen!** why, why, did you die?

*All these Irish words are terms of endearment,—these two mean,—"Mary, my dearest."

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping,
Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
*Mavourneen! mavourneen!* O why did you die?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
There is not a stain in the vault of the sky;
But the flowers on your grave in the radiance are glowing—
*Your* eyes cannot see them. O! why did you die?

*Mavourneen*, I was not alone in my sorrow,

But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride;
His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair;
But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming,
I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide,
I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
As I cry in my anguish—O! why did you die?

*Achora, machree*, you are ever before me—
I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone

So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er
me,
O pray for me! pray at the Almighty's throne!
O pray that the chain of my bondage may sever,
That to thee and our Father my freed soul may
fly,
Or the cry of my spirit for ever and ever
Shall be—"O *mavourneen!* why, why did
you die? —*Tiny.*

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## THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF ENGLAND

TIME was when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther West. Generation after generation passed away, and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went; but travel availed them not; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart, they could not flee from themselves. They

carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose; but they had not found their rest; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of this island, and gave their very name to it; so that, whereas, it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy? Or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity, by being subjected to a Master's yoke? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under

His divine nature, profit might come to His elect and glory to His name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, self-willed, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and He saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favor, not what would adequately respond to His influence, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautifulness and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illuminated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He

who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story, and a familiar, and I need not to go through it. I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their

stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills, and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our fore-

fathers; such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them, as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake; you know what that Religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know *what* Religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming, through all ages, from the Apostles. There is one, and only one religion such: it is known every where; every poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known, and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion, Christianity and Catholicism are one; they are in that history, as they are in their own nature, convertible terms. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced—that faith which is still found, the further you trace back toward the Apostles,

which is still visible in the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, and to which the witness of the Church, when investigated even in her first startings and simplest rudiments, "sayeth not to the contrary." Such was the religion of the noble English; they knew not heresy; and, as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions; it grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, till a sight was seen—one of the most beautiful which ever has been given to man to see—what was great in the natural order made greater by its elevation into the supernatural. The two seemed as if made for each other; that natural temperament and that gift of grace; what was heroic, or generous, or magnanimous in nature, found its corresponding place or office in the divine kingdom. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and sanctity of penitent sinners: Apostles, Popes, and Bishops, long since taken to glory, threw their crowns in transport at the foot of the throne, as saints, and confessors, and martyrs came forth before their wondering eyes out of a horde of heathen robbers; guardian spirits no longer sighed over the disparity and contrast which had so fearfully intervened between themselves and the souls given to them in charge. It did indeed become a peculiar, special people, with a character and genius of its own;

I will say a bold thing—in its staidness, sagacity, and simplicity, more like the mind that rules, through all time, the princely line of Roman Pontiffs, than perhaps any other Christian people whom the world has seen. And so things went on for many centuries. Generation followed generation; revolution came after revolution; great men rose and fell; there were bloody wars, and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements; Dane and Norman over-ran the land; and yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-tost, and ever solaced and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

But at length a change came over the land; a thousand years had well-nigh rolled, and this great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions, enough of the intercession of saints, enough of the grace of the sacraments, enough of the prospect of the next life. They thought it best to secure this life in the first place, because they were in possession of it, and then to go on to the next, if time and means allowed. And they saw that to labor for the next world was possibly to lose this; whereas, to labor for this world might be, for what they knew, the way to labor for the next also. Any

how, they would pursue a temporal end, and they would account any one their enemy who stood in the way of their pursuing it. It was a madness; but madmen are strong and madmen are clever; so with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation and fine and imprisonment, they cut off, or frightened away from the land, as Israel did in the time of old, the ministers of the Most High, and their ministrations; they "altogether broke the yoke, and burst the bonds." "They beat one, and killed another, and another they stoned," and at length they altogether cast out the Heir from His vineyard, and killed Him, "that the inheritance might be theirs." And as for the remnant of His servants whom they left, they drove them into corners and holes of the earth, and there they bade them die out; and then they rejoiced and sent gifts either to other, and made merry, because they had rid themselves of those "who had tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." And so they turned to enjoy this world, and to gain for themselves a name among men, and it was given unto them according to their wish. They preferred the heathen virtues of their original nature to the robe of grace which God had given them; they fell back with closed affections, and haughty reserve, and dreariness within, upon their worldly integrity, honor, energy, prudence, and perseverance; they made the most of the natural man, and they "received their reward." Forthwith they began

to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and have, in three centuries, attained a wider range of sovereignty ; and now they look down in contempt on what they were, and upon the Religion which reclaimed them from paganism.

Yes, such was the temptation of the evil one, such the fall of his victim, such the disposition of the Most High. The tempter said : "All these will I give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me ;" and their rightful Lord and Sovereign permitted the boast to be fulfilled. He permitted it for His greater glory ; He might have hindered it, as He might hinder all evil ; but He saw good, He saw it best, to let things take their course. He did not interfere, He kept silence, He retired from the land which would be rid of Him. And there were those at that crisis who understood not His providence, and would have interfered in His behalf with a high hand. Holy men and true they were, zealous for God, and tender towards His sheep ; but they divined not His will. It was His will to leave the issue to time, and to bring things round slowly and without violence, and to conquer by means of His adversaries. He willed that their pride should be its own correction ; that they should be broken without hands, and dissolve under their own insufficiency. He who might have brought myriads of angels to the rescue, He who might have armed and blessed the

forces of Christendom against His persecutors, wrought more wondrously. He deigned not to use the carnal weapon ; He bade the drawn sword return to its sheath ; He refused the combinations and the armaments of earthly kings. He who sees the end from the beginning, who is "justified in His works, and overcomes when He is judged," did but wait. He waited patiently ; He left the world to itself, nor avenged his Church, but stayed till the fourth watch of the night, when His faithful sons had given up hope, and thought His mercy towards them at the end. He let the winds and the waves insult Him and His own; He suffered meekly the jeers and blasphemies which rose on every side, and pronounced the downfall of his work. "All things have an end," men said ; "there is a time for all things, a time to be born, and a time to die." All things have their course and their term ; they may last a long time, but after all, a period they have and not an immortality. So it is with man himself ; even Mathusela and Noe exhausted the full fountain of their being, and the pitcher was at length crushed, and the wheel broken. So is it with nations, they rise, and they flourish, and they fall ; there is an element in them, as in individuals, which wears out and perishes. However great they may be in their day, at length the moment comes, when they have attained their greatest elevation, and accomplished their full range, and fulfilled their scope.

So it is with great ideas and their manifestations; they are realized, they prevail, and they perish. As the constituents of the animal frame at length refuse to hold together, so nations, philosophies, and religions one day lose the unity and undergo the common law of decomposition. Our nation, doubtless, will find its term at length, as well as others, though not yet; but that ancient faith of ours is come to naught already. We have nothing, then, to fear from the past; the past is not, the past cannot revive; the dead tell no tales; the grave cannot open. New adversaries we may have, but with the Old Religion we have parted once for all."

Thus speaks the world, deeming Christ's patience to be feebleness, and His loving affection to be enmity. And the faithful, on the other hand, have had their own misgivings too, whether Catholicism could ever flourish in this country again. Has it yet happened anywhere in the history of the Church, that a people which once lost its faith ever regained it? It is a gift of grace, a special mercy to receive it once, and not to be expected a second time. Many nations have never had it at all; from some it has been taken away, apparently without their fault, nay, in spite of their meritorious use of it. So was it with the old Persian Church which, after enduring two frightful persecutions, had scarcely emerged from the second when it was irretrievably

corrupted by heresy. So was it with the famous Church of Africa, whose great saint and doctor's dying moments were embittered by the ravages around him of those fierce barbarians who were destined to be its ruin. What are we better than they? It is then surely against the order of Providence hitherto, that the gift once given should be given again; the world and the Church bear a concordant testimony here.

And the just judge of man made as though He would do what man anticipated. He retired, as I have said, from the field; He yielded the battle to the enemy,—but He did so that He might in the event more signally triumph. He interfered not for near three hundred years, that his enemies might try their powers of mind in forming a religion instead of His own. He gave them three hundred years' start, bidding them to do something better than He, or something at all, if so be they were able, and He put Himself to every disadvantage. He suffered the daily sacrifice to be suspended, the hierarchy to be driven out, education to be prohibited, religious houses to be plundered and suppressed, cathedrals to be desecrated, shrines to be rifled, religious rites and duties to be interdicted by the law of the land. He would owe the world nothing in that revival of the Church which was to follow. He wrought, as in the old time by His prophet Elias, who, when he was to light the sacrifice with fire from heaven,

drenched the burnt-offering with water the first time, the second time, and the third time; "and the water ran round about the altar, and the trench was filled up with water." He wrought as He himself had done in the raising of Lazarus; for when He heard that His friend was sick, "He remained in the same place two days": on the third day He "said plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad, for your sake, that I was not there, that you may believe;" and then at length, He went and raised him from the grave. So too was it in His own resurrection: He did not rise from the cross, He did not rise from His mother's arms; He arose from the grave, and on the third day.

So is it now; "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and he will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of Providence is unravelled; the destined hour is come. And, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first, from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and

scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to and fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep, and, wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him--not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call—but drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in, till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as when they closed on her. It is told in legends of

that great saint and instrument of God St. Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found, to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now; the Church is coming out of prison, as collected in her teaching, as precise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble and stole, and wonder-working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station; she meddles not with Cæsar or the things of Cæsar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but

she is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her—she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not suffer her? Let the last three hundred years reply Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her counsel or her work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.—*Cardinal Newman.*

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## THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,
"Let me see—let me see—my own land ere I die."

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land—

Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see—I shall see—my own land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one-half of my heart is already stone cold,
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed this sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me.
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die!

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the noise of a feast—
The morn quickly rose and revealed to his eye
The land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done—
High and haughty the capes the white surf dash'd upon—
A gray ruined Convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to die."

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale—
Off Ardigna bay, it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore.
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie,
In the lap of the land, he beheld but to die.

—*T. D. McGee.*

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## THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one-half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfor-

tunes can behave with tranquillity and indifference is truly great whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded, and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they endure their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships; whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged

to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections, from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratched his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a laborer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a

wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all, but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labor. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late, but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none, when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into

my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't! I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my seed and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last forever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than one hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country I was

afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs, when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket.

This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the govern-

ment wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had, still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on my bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen.

"Though we had no arms, we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence,

nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbor and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer, who were glad of so many good hands: and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we had but some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will, forever, love

liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, forever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.—*Goldsmith.*

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## THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

GRADUALLY the whole battle-front of the enemy displayed itself to view; and the sun, now risen high above the horizon, shone over a spectacle as terrible as it was magnificent. Three hundred and thirty large Turkish vessels were to be seen, disposed in the form of a vast crescent, and far outflanking their opponents' line; but the courage of the Christian leaders remained unmoved by the terrific sight. Although it became evident that the reports of the Spanish spies had greatly underrated the numbers and strength of their opponents, yet, as Rosell relates, the heart of Don John was unappalled; and placing his hopes in God, and fixing his eyes upon the crucifix he ever carried with him, he gave thanks aloud for his victory as already won. No sooner were the words uttered than a token seemed to be given

him to assure him that his trust was not ill-founded. Hitherto the wind had been all in favor of the Turks, whose enormous crescent was bearing rapidly down on the Christian host, like some fierce bird of prey with outstretched wings, when suddenly the breeze fell, and the sails flapped idly on the masts; there was a dead and profound calm. The sea but a moment before crested with foam, became motionless and smooth as a sheet of glass; it seemed as though they were going to fight on land rather than on water, so still and quiet lay the ships but just now tossed and beaten by the angry waves. Presently a soft rising breeze was heard sighing among the cordage; by and by it gathered strength; but this time it filled the Christian sails, blowing right against the prows of the Turkish ships, and the whole state of things was changed. The Turkish line, which but a minute previously had seemed to extend its wide arms as if to enfold its helpless foe in a deadly embrace, was thrown into some confusion by this sudden and extraordinary veering of the wind, while the Christian vessels, carried forward by a brisk and favorable breeze, bore down with impetuous gallantry on the foe, and thus gained all the advantage of attack. The Turks, however, fired the first shot, which was quickly answered by the Spaniards; then, placing himself in full armor on the prow of his galley, Don John ordered the trumpets to sound

the charge; whilst in every vessel the crews and soldiers knelt to receive the last general absolution, and this being given, every thought was turned to the approaching struggle.

It was noon before the fight began; the brilliant sun rode aloft in the clear azure of the Grecian sky, and flashed brightly on the casques and armor of the warriors. The Moslems received their assailants with loud and horrible cries, which were met on the part of the Christians by a profound silence. The flag-ship of Ali Pasha commenced the cannonade; but the fire of the Venetians opened on the Turks so suddenly, and with such overwhelming violence, that at the first discharge their advancing vessels recoiled as though from the shock of a tremendous blow, and at the second broadside two of their galleys were sunk. In addition to the discouragement produced by this first incident in the fight, the adverse wind carried all the smoke of the Christian artillery right upon the decks of the Turks, who were thus blinded and embarrassed: whilst their enemies were able to direct every movement with facility, and fought in the clear light of day. After this first encounter the battle became general: Don John eagerly made his way towards the pasha's galley, and Ali, on his part, did not decline the challenge. To form anything like a correct idea of a sea-fight in those days, we must remember the nature of the vessels then in use,

propelled as they were by rowers seated on several tiers of benches, and defended less by artillery than by the armed combatants, who strove to grapple hand to hand with their opponents. The galleys of war were armed with long beaks, or pointed prows, with which they dashed against the enemy's vessels, and often sunk them at the first shock. Terrible was the meeting of the leaders of the two armaments; the long beak of Ali Pasha's galley was forced far among the benches of the Christain rowers—his own rowers, be it said, were Christians also—slaves chained to their posts, and working under the threat of death if they shrank from their task, and the promise of liberty if the Turks should gain the day. Then there rose the clash of arms; the combatants met face to face, and their swords rang on the armor of their opponents, whilst the waters were lashed into fury by the strokes of a thousand oars. Wider and wider the conflict spread: the Bey of Alexandria, at the head of his galleys, made a furious attack on the Venetian squadron; but he was met by Barbarigo and his men with the most eager and determined courage; for the memory of the cruelties practised on their countrymen at Famagosta was fresh in their minds, and animated them to vengeance.

The combat soon became too general for the different divisions of the two armaments to preserve their respective positions. Every portion

of the hostile fleets was engaged ; but the most desperate fight was that between the galleys of the rival generals, Ali Pasha and Don John of Austria. Both commanders fought in the thickest of the fray, regardless of their rank, and with the bold temerity of simple men-at-arms. By the side of the prince's galley were those of Colonna and Sebastian Veniero ; and in them, and in the other vessels that surrounded them, were assembled the very flower of the Christian host. Here for the most part were the noble French and Roman volunteers : hardly a great house of Italy but had its representative among the combatants : two of the Colonnas ; Paul Orsini, the chief of his name, with his brothers, Horace and Virginius ; Antonio Carrafa, Michel Bonelli, and Paul Ghislieri, nephews of the Pope ; and Farnese, prince of Parma, who played a very hero's part in the flag-ship of the Genoese republic. The battle in the centre, led on by such men, and met with equal valor and determination on the part of their adversaries, lasted more than two hours. Already had the Christians made two gallant attempts to board the vessel of the pasha, and each time they were driven back with loss so soon as they reached his decks. The burning midday sun added to the heat of the engagement, and the thirst of the soldiers was almost intolerable. The decks were heaped with dead, and those still living were covered with wounds and well-nigh

exhausted from loss of blood; and still they maintained the conflict with unabated courage. At length the signal was given for a third charge. It was obeyed with an impetuosity nothing could resist; and whilst Ali Pasha vainly strove, as before, to drive back his desperate assailants, a shot from an arquebuse struck him in the forehead. Staggering from his wound, he fell, and his head was instantly cut off by a blow from one of the galley-slaves, and thrown into the sea. The event of the battle after this was no longer doubtful. Don John with his own hands pulled down the Turkish flag, and shouted "Victory!" whilst Santa Cruz, profiting by the confusion, pushed forward with the reserve, and completed the discomfiture of the foe. At this critical moment the corsair Ouloudj Ali, seeing that the whole Turkish centre was broken, and the day irretrievably lost, hoisted all sail, and with forty galleys, the only vessels that escaped out of that bloody battle, passed safely through the midst of the Christian fleet.

The Turks struggled long and desperately before they finally gave way. It was four in the afternoon ere the fight was over; and the lowering sky betokened the gathering of a tempest. The remains of the Turkish fleet fled in all directions, pursued, though with difficulty, by the allies, whose wearied rowers could scarcely hold the oars; whilst their numbers were so thinned

by the slaughter that it was as much as the commanders could do to find crews for their vessels. Crippled as the Christians were, however, the infidels were seized with panic, and ran their vessels madly against the shore of Lepanto. In their terrified efforts to land, many were drowned; whilst the galleys were broken by the waves, or fell an easy prey to the conquerors. The whole sea for miles presented most terrible tokens of the battle; those clear waters, on which the morning sun had shone so brightly, were now dark and discolored by human blood. Headless corpses and the fragments of many a wreck floated about in strange confusion; while the storm, which every moment raged in wilder fury, added to the horror of the scene, lit up as the night advanced by the flames from the burning galleys, many of which were found too much disabled to be of any use to their captors. Twelve of those belonging to the allies were destroyed; but the extent of their victory may be estimated by the fact that eighty vessels belonging to the Turks were sunk, whilst 130 remained in the hands of the Christians. The pasha's galley, which was among those taken, was a vessel of surpassing beauty. The deck, says Knolles, was of walnut-wood, dark as ebony, "checkered and wrought marvellously fine with divers lively colors and variety of histories;" and her cabin glittered with ornaments of gold, rich hangings, and precious gems. The enemy's slain

amounted to 30,000 men; and 15,000 of the Christian slaves who had been compelled to work the Ottoman galleys were liberated. Yet the victory, complete as it was, was dearly bought; the loss of the allies was reckoned at about 8,000 men; and their ships, riddled with balls, and many of them dismasted, presented a striking contrast to the gay and gallant trim in which but a few days previously they had left the harbor of Messina.—*E. H. T.*

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## DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

Henry Grattan, one of the most renowned of Irish orators, was born in Dublin, on the third of July, 1746, and died in 1820. In December, 1775, he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons; and from that time till 1800, he figured politically in that body chiefly. The Irish Revolution of 1782 was carried mainly by his efforts. Although a Protestant, he was a most earnest advocate of the entire emancipation of the Catholics from all invidious distinctions and disabilities. In 1805 Grattan took his seat in the British Parliament, where he became the leading champion of Catholic rights. Of Grattan we may add, in the words of the Rev. Sydney Smith:—"No Government ever dismayed him; the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; he dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence."

SIR,—I have entreated an attendance on this day that you might, in the most public manner, deny

the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it. England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only the last connection—you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Let corruption tremble, but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this hour of redemption. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the people? I therefore say, nothing is safe, satisfactory or honorable, nothing except a declaration of rights. What! are you, with three hundred thousand men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? If England is a tyrant, it is you have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her rights, or cut off the Nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy, We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country. so long are the Nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great Nations; by the Nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty—America! They judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land, and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go, assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither speaking for the sub-

ject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked—he shall not be in iron. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.—*Grattan.*

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## THE WIFE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly arising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than TO HAVE A WIFE AND CHILDREN. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

And, indeed I have observed, that A MARRIED MAN, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than A SINGLE

ONE; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his SELF-RESPECT kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.— *Washington Irving.*

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## THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines, that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer,—

Now all was hush'd; and eve's last splendor shone,
With a rich sadness, on the attesting stone.
There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave.
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the gray chieftain, slowly rising, said—
"I listen'd for the words which years ago,
Pass'd o'er these waters; though the voice is fled,
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then;
Many, but bringing naught like him again.

"Not with hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;

Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars, like the corn stacks, low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet,
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of one the grave's dark bonds who broke,
And our hearts burn'd within us as he spoke!

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell;
Bright must they be! for there are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither;—but away
The happy call'd him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time,
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,

For the green summer comes and finds not
him.

"We gather'd round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice at first the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swell'd, and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

"And then once more they trembled on his
tongue
And his white eyelids flutter'd, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the
dead?
It is enough! he sank upon my breast,—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We rear'd this cross in token where he lay,
For on the cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reach'd, o'er mount and
wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no
grave!

"But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken

Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs, in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye:
"Son of the wilderness, despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot;
Heaven darkly works—yet where the seed hath been,
There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

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## THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

[The tradition in this beautiful little ballad is almost the same as that on which "Hy-Brasail," and other poems are founded, except in point of locality; the scene of the latter ballads being placed in the Atlantic, to the west of the Isles of Arran, while "the Enchanted Island" is supposed to be in the neighborhood of Rathlin Island, off the north coast of the county Antrim. The name of the island, which has been spelt a different way by

almost every writer on the subject, is supposed to be derived from *Ragh-Erin*, or "the Fort of Erin," as its situation, commanding the Irish coast, might make it, not unaptly, be styled "the fortress of Ireland."—See *Leonard's Topographia Hibernica.*]

To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail,
When summer breezes softly blew,
And there I heard so sweet a tale,
That oft I wished it could be true.
They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
And hushed is every turbid swell,
A mermaid rises from the deep,
And sweetly tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave,
In dying falls the sound retain,
As if some choral spirits gave
Their aid to swell her witching strain.
Then summoned by that dulcet note,
Uprising to th' admiring view,
A fairy island seems to float
With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
All on this fairy isle are seen;
And waving trees, and shady bowers,
With more than mortal verdure green.
And as it moves, the western sky
Glows with a thousand varying rays;
And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
Seems like a golden flood of blaze.

They also say, if earth or stone,
From verdant Erin's hallowed land
Were on this magic island thrown,
Forever fixed, it then would stand.
But, when for this, some little boat
In silence ventures from the shore—
The mermaid sinks—hushed is the note
The fairy isle is seen no more!

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## THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK.

THE Catholic world has heard of the name and fame of Lourdes, once a wild spot, but now frequented by all the world, far away in the mountainous region to the south of France. A second Lourdes has arisen at Knock, a small village surrounded by little hills, from which, as expressive of the natural character of the locality, it is known to the natives as the "village of the hills." It is distant about four miles from Claremorris, which is favorably situated on the Great North Western Railway. All this, it is useful to state, for the sake of those who are now coming in numbers to visit at Knock, the scene of the various apparitions of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph and the Redeemer, which have been seen by the natives of that unpretending Nazareth. The multitudes

who have flocked to the chapel, or districts, are quite as numerous as those that formed the monster meetings. As the people of the neighboring towns and districts and countries more remote, aye, and the Catholics of England and America, take a great interest in the events that have lately transpired, and which at present are spoken of by everybody in this country—Protestant as well as Catholic—relative to the supernatural apparitions seen at the chapel of Knock, it is right to tell the public all the well authenticated facts regarding the multitudes, the miracles, and the many and repeated manifestations that appear now to be seen each successive week. And first as to the multitudes.

A vast gathering of people from all the border towns within a circuit of twenty miles assembled at this unpretending little village. Some of the pilgrim travellers started before day, guided by the light of the stars alone, and urged onward by the fervor of their own faith. Some were seen wending their way on foot, others on horseback, while whole families of peasants proceeded on their pilgrimage, journeying on the ordinary country vehicle known as a cart; the better class indulged in the luxury of side cars, or as they are known in Dublin by the name "outsiders;" not a few families from the different towns cut a dash by a tandem drive with the highest available vehicle in these parts, known by the unpretending and not agreeably sounding

name of "drag"—a "hansom" would be quite a novel vehicle in that district. The gathering had, certainly, been enormous, exhibiting, at the same time, an agreeable diversity in the mixed character of the crowd assembled.

The variety of individual character was co-extensive with the greatness of the numbers that composed the gathering. There one could behold the blind, the lame, the crippled, the deformed, the deaf, the paralytic, and epileptic—all seeking to be cured, like those whom the Redeemer found at the Pool near Jerusalem. Accounts without number have come to our ears of cures effected before Christmas last, and above all, since that period; and on last Thursday week it is stated that two remarkable miracles were performed on two persons who for years had, from the result of accidental causes, been unable to walk. The man found himself so greatly cured that he left his crutches and bounded home like the lame man cured before the golden gate of the temple of Jerusalem by St Peter and St John the Evangelist—walking and bounding along, and all the while giving thanks to God and blessing God's holy name.

Thursday and Monday are the days now set apart for visiting this place. This conclusion has been arrived at because the Blessed Mother of Our Lord appeared first on a Thursday, and again on the first day of the New Year—a Thursday;

and on Mondays not a few miracles have been performed on devotees who came to manifest their devotion for our Blessed Lady. The fame of these miracles, and the story of the various apparitions too, have gone abroad, and have created an immense amount of conjecture and discussion amongst the people relative to the natural and supernatural world. The children of the faith see nothing wonderful at all in these manifestations. It is to them something that they expected, or, if they did not actually expect their coming at this time and place, they see nothing incongruous in the fact that they have occurred. The spiritual world is to them like a land with which they are familiar from the knowledge which their holy faith supplies, pretty much, as they are not put out of sorts with anything they hear or see from America—to them a far off land—because in this instance American life and habits are something with which they are familiar, for their relatives in that country commune with their friends in Ireland and tell them all regarding themselves and American life and manners in that great Republic to the West of the Atlantic. In this way our Catholic people are no way put about by the narration of miracles or of miraculous apparitions at Knock. They are by faith aware beforehand that such things happened before, happen now, and will take place as long as the Church of God is on earth. The angels

appeared to Abraham, and walked with him, and talked to him, and directed "him in all his ways." They appeared and spoke to, and brought to a foreign country and back the grandson of Abraham, Isaac—the father of all the Israelites. The same is true of Tobias and Daniel, the Prophets, and of St. Peter, the head of the Apostles, and of numerous saints in the Catholic Church in Africa, in Rome, and in this island during the golden age of sanctity in Ireland. What happened once, why not happen again? It is the same God who ruled and governed mankind then as now; it is the same Church that points out to her children the way, the truth, and the life; the Irish faithful like those in the time of St. Columkille, or at an after period, are the brothers of the Redeemer, purchased by His sacred blood. He loves us as He loves them, and sends His angels to take charge of us, as they took charge of them in days past.

These points have been spoken of and canvassed in conversation amongst laity and amongst religious in Connaught for the last six months. It was only when the matter was described in a former issue of the *Tuam News* that the faithful began to attach any degree of credibility to the facts before that time incorrectly narrated. The *Tuam News* gave a summary of the events that had occurred up to that time, stamped with the appearance of the supernatural. The appar-

ition of the 21st of August cannot well be understood without having some notion of the position and form of the little Catholic Church in the village of Knock. The building has no pretension to architectural elegance of any kind, nor to the internal beauty such as one would wish to witness in God's house. The plan of the building, if plan it can be called, is in the shape of the letter T, the long limb being about seventy feet and the cross limbs in breadth about fifty feet. The chancel and altar are grouped at the head where the arms project to the right and left. Standing at the altar and looking down the nave, one beholds at the end a loft or entrance that leads to a tower with belfry, both of which are of modern construction and date. The gold colored pinnacle of this tower is the first part of the building that comes in view as one from a southerly direction approaches the village in which the church stands. To the rear of the chancel and attached to the gable of the altar a house less elevated than the walls of the church proper, has been erected ; this additional building which is entered by a door from the chancel, is known as the sacristy—a house in which the sacred ornaments of the church, and the sacred vessels, and every requisite for the altar are kept in safety, by the priests or by their attendants. The gable of this sacristy, in a line parallel to the gable of the church, is the second stone erection between

the chancel and the outside world, towards, or at the south-eastern gable.

It is well, too, to point out the direction to which this plain wall faces:—Its front looks straight into the approaching meridian sun at 11 o'clock, A. M.; its right wing points to the south-west; its left wing, or branch, to the east by north. This is the gable hard by which the first miraculous apparition was beheld on the evening and night of the 21st August. It is thus seen that there are two gables between the altar of the church and the gable fronting the south-east, and that, consequently, if lights appeared in the church, the reflection from them could never beam on the outside at the foot of the wall of the second gable; above all, direct light could never convey by any laws of optics, images, when radiating from a centre, and not passing through any other translucent medium, from which the rays of light might, at a certain fixed and measured distance, carry the image of the object or pellucid picture. The time at which the apparition appeared was some twenty minutes after sunset, so that by no law of radiation from reflected light could the images be thrown naturally or artifically from the clouds. Add to that, the great fact, that at the time the Blessed Virgin appeared, it was pouring rain in torrents, and the drizzling rain continued the whole time, and late onwards through the night. The whole of that

day had been one dreary, dismal downpour, from early dawn to the dusky hours of sun-down. We give the following quotation from what we have already written on the subject:—"All that may be said in the following is an expression of the feelings of the people, and does not pretend to anticipate the judgment which the ecclesiastical superiors may express upon the facts of which they are already cognizant.

"The chapel of Knock, at which the apparitions have occurred, is about five miles from Claremorris, and its gilt cross which surmounts the lofty tower can be seen for miles around. The priest who so worthily presides over the parish is the Venerable Archdeacon of the Diocese—the Very Rev. Bartholomew Cavanagh. The chapel is of cruciform shape. The sacristy occupies the upper and smaller shaft, and is immediately behind the high altar. In the gable of the sacristy there is a Gothic window about five feet by two broad; its lowest part is about twelve feet from the ground. The remainder of the gable is plain, and was covered outside by a good substantial coating of cement, to protect the wall from the rains, which beat with great violence especially upon that side. On this gable wall of the sacristy were seen the extraordinary lights, in the midst of which the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by St. Joseph and St. John the Evangelist, appeared. On Thursday, the 21st of August,

the eve of the octave day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was accompanied by a blinding drizzle of rain, which continued till the next day. As some persons were hurriedly going along the road which leads by the chapel, at about 7.30 P. M., they perceived the wall beautifully illuminated by a white flickering light, through which could be perceived brilliant stars twinkling as on a bright frosty night. The first person who saw it passed on, but others soon came and remained, and these saw, covering a large portion of the gable end of the sacristy, an altar, and at its Gospel side the figures of St John the Evangelist, the Blessed Virgin and St Joseph. On the altar, which stood eight feet from the ground, and immediately under the window, a lamb stood, and rising up behind the lamb was a crucifix with the figure of Our Lord upon it.

"The altar was surrounded by a brilliant white light, through which up and down angels seemed to be flitting. Near the altar, and immediately to its Gospel side, but nearer to the ground, was St. John, having a mitre on his head, and holding the book of the Gospel open in his left hand, as if reading from it. He held his right hand raised, and in the act of blessing, the index and middle fingers being extended after the manner adopted by bishops. To St. John's right stood the Blessed Virgin, having her hands extended and raised towards her shoulders, the palms of

her hands turned towards the people, and her eyes raised up towards heaven. To the Blessed Virgin's right was St. Joseph, turned towards her, and in an inclining posture. These figures remained visible for a considerable time, and were witnessed by about twenty persons, who forgot all about the heavy rain that was then falling and drenched them thoroughly. The light in the chapel was seen by people who lived near the place. She appeared a second time on New Year's Day between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, just immediately after Mass. On Monday evening, the eve of the Epiphany, a bright light was again visible, and from 11 P.M until 2 o'clock A.M was seen by a very large number, of whom two were members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who were on their patrol duty that evening. One of them said that up to that time he did not believe in it, but he was really startled by the brightness of the light which he saw.

"Many cures have been worked through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and by the application of the cement taken from the chapel walls. We have heard from the mouths of most trustworthy witnesses an account of nearly a dozen cures of which the narrators themselves were eye-witnesses. In addition to what we have already written regarding the visions seen at the chapel of Knock, two remarkable miracles, witnessed by hundreds of persons, were per-

formed—namely, sight restored to two young girls, one of whom had, on the testimony of her mother, not seen from her birth. She had been several times with physicians in Dublin, but all to no purpose. In the presence of hundreds she received the use of sight, having visited three times the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary is said to have appeared, and after praying three times in honor of the Mother of God."

Even since these words just quoted have been written, other miracles, as we have stated in the first part of this article, have come under the testimony and cognizance of numbers who have frequented the hallowed spot; and, on last Monday (20th), the roads leading to Knock were fairly supplied with more than the ordinary gathering of wayfarers. On good authority we have learned that by the order of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the depositions of the several witnesses have been taken by a commission of learned priests and dignitaries deputed for that purpose, and they have reported officially that the testimony of all, taken as a whole, is trustworthy and satisfactory. Over fifteen to twenty witnesses have attested the truth of the facts narrated in these columns. And as we close this article we hear a Mr. Ansbro, who lives near Crossboyne, and who for the past year had lost his eyes, received the use of his sight after visiting the spot where the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared.

# OLD CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS.

## GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THERE is no feature in the landscape of the Continent which so impresses an American, as the grand cathedrals and picturesque ruins of ancient abbeys which are scattered over western Europe. These old cathedrals are so vast, so massive, of an architecture so novel and peculiar, so expressive of reverence to God, with their "long-drawn aisles," dim with a solemn religious light; their immense and yet graceful arches, springing, like the branches of the noblest elms, from the column to support the vaulted roof; their gorgeous windows, on which are painted, with the colors of the rainbow, the Bible history from the creation down; all hoary with the dust and grime of centuries; many of their old gray walls clothed with the dark foliage of the ivy, as ancient, nearly, as the walls to which it clings; their interiors full of quaint, old, curious carvings in oak and cedar and ebony and stone, old tombs and monuments so old that antiquarians have disputed for centuries about the persons to whose memory they were reared. These religious edifices, cathedrals and abbeys, which, while you gaze on their ruins, and attempt to read their worn inscriptions, make you

feel as though you were attempting to translate a hymn from one of the Hebrew prophets, are found all over Europe, from Scotland to the Mediterranean, from Roslyn and Melrose to Seville and Milan. They are the memorials, the relics, the monuments of another age, and people widely different from our own. They were the expression of a deep and wide-spread feeling; and there is a profound religious sentiment in their vast area, their aërial height, their dark shadows and dimly-lighted naves. Most of them were constructed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and they express an earnest, pervading, enthusiastic religious sentiment, similiar to that which inspired the Crusades. The untold wealth of treasure, of labor and ornamentation, lavished upon them, eloquently declare the existence of a wide-spread feeling among the people, that it was then thought a privilege to contribute towards the erection of the house of God. The cathedrals are generally well preserved, carefully looked after, and some of them, begun centuries ago, are still progressing slowly towards completion; the abbeys are more frequently in ruins, but a ruin which is perhaps more eloquent of former grandeur than if we saw them in all their pomp of pride and power. It is a marvel to the traveller who visits Fountains Abbey and measures its vast area, its gigantic towers and wide quadrangle of chapels; or Roslyn, with its wealth of rich and

exquisitely beautiful ornamentation; or Tintern, situated as they are, far off from cities or large towns: from whence came resources adequate to their immense cost? They were the outgrowth of those feudal ages so different from this that we can scarcely fully appreciate them; and yet we have some things in common with them. The common law, which is co-extensive with the English language, had its root in the feudal system.

In these dim, vast, shadowy cathedrals, as in a solitary primeval forest on the Mississippi or the Columbia, the *sentiment* of religion has always been and is still awakened. As you enter a long, obscure, darkened nave, with the grand, lofty columns on either side disappearing far above in the night of the arched roof and vaulted dome, far down the nave a golden cross and crucifix, disclosed by the purple light of colored glass crowning the dome aided by lighted chandeliers: and the great east window, luminous with gold, emerald, amethyst, and crowded with radiant figures of saints and angels, patriarchs and prophets, suggest to the imaginative worshipper that he is looking through the windows of heaven. In these temples you always see a few devout, sincere and humble worshippers reverently kneeling near the shrines. After which, leaning against a column, contemplating this scene, I have heard, first as from far away,

the low, solemn, deep tones of the organ; then a change, and the music would express sadness and sorrow, then humble, earnest prayer, the sob of penitence; then it would express pardon and peace, the hope, the assurance of immortality, the reunion with the loved and the lost; and then the glorious anthem of praise and reverence and hallelujah to God the Father; and the grand organ now sending forth notes so deep and powerful as to make the great temple tremble, the choir of young boys all joining, making altogether, with all these surroundings, a majestic harmony, a touching melody, more effective than any other ever heard.

As the music dies away, you may advance and study the marble effigies of cardinals and archbishops, saints and crusaders, couched on granite or porphyry, and at rest as they supposed for all time. But their names are often utterly obliterated and lost; and as you pass on and look more carefully at details, you see monuments and crosses in bronze and marble, crucifixes, jewels, mosaics and precious stones—each window a history in colored glass. All of sacred history here sparkles in revelations read without letters or books. These men of the Middle Ages, whom we sometimes call barbarians, knew well how to impress the affections and take captive the heart through the senses. They reached the heart through the eye and ear; and the poor unlet-

tered peasant from the Black Forest who entered Strasburg, the swineherd who walked into York Minster, the artisan who frequented Westminster Abbey, were impressed with the religious sentiment of the place, and, however stolid, dimly felt that the place where he stood was no other than the house of God.

These are among the objects that impress a thoughtful American more than all else in Europe. If I could create or import into the United States any two of the objects of greatest interest I have ever seen abroad, they should be, not the Venus de Medici, nor the Apollo, nor any great picture or statue, but the grand old Lincoln Cathedral and the Abbey of the Fountains. But we shall never see in our country Gothic architecture, Greek sculpture, nor Italian paintings of the old masters—therefore let us not attempt poor copies; let us simply do in our own way what we can, and we shall also in our day and generation achieve things worthy of being remembered.

What has American genius or the genius of man accomplished which equals or surpasses the old cathedrals? Is it the magnificent ship, the "staunch and strong and goodly vessel,"

> "That shall laugh at all disaster,
> And with wave and whirlwind wrestle?"

This is indeed a grand achievement; and when we see such a structure, framed "with perfect

symmetry," and "wonderful for form and strength," whether with sail all set she courts the wild waves and safely plows the wintry sea, speeding along through the rain and the dark, or whether with steam she triumphs over both wind and sea, she furnishes a proud exhibition of human skill and handicraft.

But there stands the old cathedral. Very old, very wonderful, a lyric poem in stone, its lofty towers and spires pointing to the mysterious heaven to which all aspire. When we look upon it, we must still realize that while man's achievements for this world's ends—as in the ship, the bridge, the railway, the telegraph—are grand; yet the Cathedral, the effort to build a temple fit for the worship of his Creator, is sublime. What a world of romance Sir Walter Scott has thrown around Melrose and Dryburgh.

The old cathedrals and chapels and abbeys of Great Britain are in a more simple and severe style than those on the continent, and yet there is one in cold, far north Scotland, which is perhaps the most superlatively beautiful of all—I mean Roslyn. But the land that produced Burns and Scott might well furnish the genius to conceive and execute such works as Melrose and Roslyn. As you come towards the middle of Europe, you find perhaps the most perfect specimens of the Gothic in Strasburg and Freiburg, and in some of the old cathedrals in France; yet

Milan fully equals, if it does not surpass them all. If this cathedral may not be justly pronounced the most sublime structure ever erected by man, it is only because it is so exquisitely beautiful, with its perfection of detail, that the sense of sublimity is modified by the enjoyment of its beauty.

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## INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON CIVIL LIBERTY.

Of the old Catholic republics, two yet remain, standing monuments of the influence of Catholicity on free institutions. The one is imbosomed in the Pyrenees of Catholic Spain, and the other is perched on the Apennines of Catholic Italy. The very names of Andorra and San Marino are enough to refute the assertion, that Catholicity is opposed to republican governments. Both of these little republics owed their origin *directly* to the Catholic religion. That of Andorra was founded by a Catholic bishop, and that of San Marino by a Catholic monk, whose name it bears. The bishops of Urgel have been, and are still, the protectors of the former; and the Roman Pontiffs of the latter.

Andorra has continued to exist, with few political vicissitudes, for more than a thousand years:

while San Marino dates back her history more than fifteen hundred years, and is therefore not only the oldest republic in the world, but perhaps the oldest government in Europe. The former, to a territory of two hundred English square miles, has a population of fifteen thousand; while the latter, with half the population, has a territory of twenty-one square miles. Both of them are governed by officers of their own choice; and the government of San Marino in particular, is conducted on the most radically democratic principles.

The legislative body consists of the Council of Sixty, one-half of whom at least are, by law, to be chosen from the plebeian order; and of the *Arrengo*, or general assembly, summoned under extraordinary circumstances, in which all the families of the republic are to be represented. The executive is lodged in two *capitanei reggenti*, or governors, chosen every six months, and holding jurisdiction, one in the city of San Marino, and the other in the country;—so jealous are these old republicans of placing power in the hands of one man! The judiciary department is managed by a commissary, who is required by law to be a foreigner—a native of some other part of Italy—in order that, in the discharge of his office, he may be biassed by no undue prejudices, resulting from family connections.

When Addison visited the republic in 1700, he

"scarcely met with any in the place who had not a tincture of learning." He also saw the collection of the laws of the republic, published in Latin, in one volume folio, under the title: "Statuta illustrissimæ reipublicæ Sancti Marini." When Napoleon, at the head of his victorious French troops, was in the neighborhood of San Marino, in 1797, he paused, and sent a congratulatory deputation to the republic, "which expressed the reverence felt by her young sister, France, for so ancient and free a commonwealth, and offered, besides an increase of territory, a present of four pieces of artillery." The present was gratefully accepted, but the other tempting offer was wisely declined!

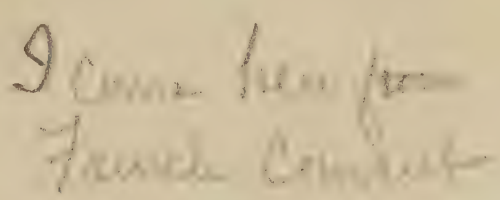
The good old Catholic times produced patriots and heroes, of whom the present age might well be proud. William Wallace, defeated at Buscenneth, fell a martyr to the liberty of his native Scotland in 1305. Robert Bruce achieved what Wallace had bled for not in vain—the independence of his country. He won, in 1314, the decisive battle of Bannockburn, which resulted in the expulsion of the English invaders from Scotland. Are the Hungarians, and Poles, and Spaniards, and French, who fought for centuries the battles of European independence against the Saracens and Turks, to be set down as enemies of freedom? Are the brave knights of St. John, who so heroically devoted themselves for

the liberty of Europe at Rhodes and at Malta, also to be ranked with the enemies of human rights?

We might bring the subject home to our own times and country, and show that the Catholics of the colony of Maryland were the first to proclaim universal liberty, civil and religious, in North America; that in the war for independence with Protestant England, Catholic France came generously and effectually to our assistance; that Irish and American Catholics fought side by side with their Protestant fellow-citizens in that eventful war; that the Maryland line which bled so freely at Camden with the Catholic Baron de Kalb, while Gates and his Protestant militia were consulting their safety by flight, was composed to a great extent of Catholic soldiers; that there was no Catholic traitor during our revolution; that the one who perilled most in signing the Declaration of Independence, and who was the last survivor of that noble band of patriots, was the illustrious Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton; that half the generals and officers of our revolution—Lafayette, Pulaski, Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, De Kalb, Kosciuszko, and many others were Catholics; and that the first commodore appointed by Washington to form our infant navy, was the Irish Catholic—Barry. These facts, which are but a few of those which might be adduced, prove conclusively that Catholicity

is still, what she was in the middle ages, the steadfast friend of free institutions.

To conclude: Can it be that Catholicity, which saved Europe from barbarism and a foreign Mohammedan despotism—which in every age has been the advocate of free principles, and the mother of heroes and of republics—which originated *Magna Charta* and laid the foundation of liberty in every country in Europe—and which in our own day and country has evinced a similar spirit—is the enemy of free principles? We must blot out the facts of history, before we can come to any such conclusion! If history is at all to be relied on we must conclude, that THE INFLUENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS BEEN FAVORABLE TO CIVIL LIBERTY.—*Dr. Spalding.*



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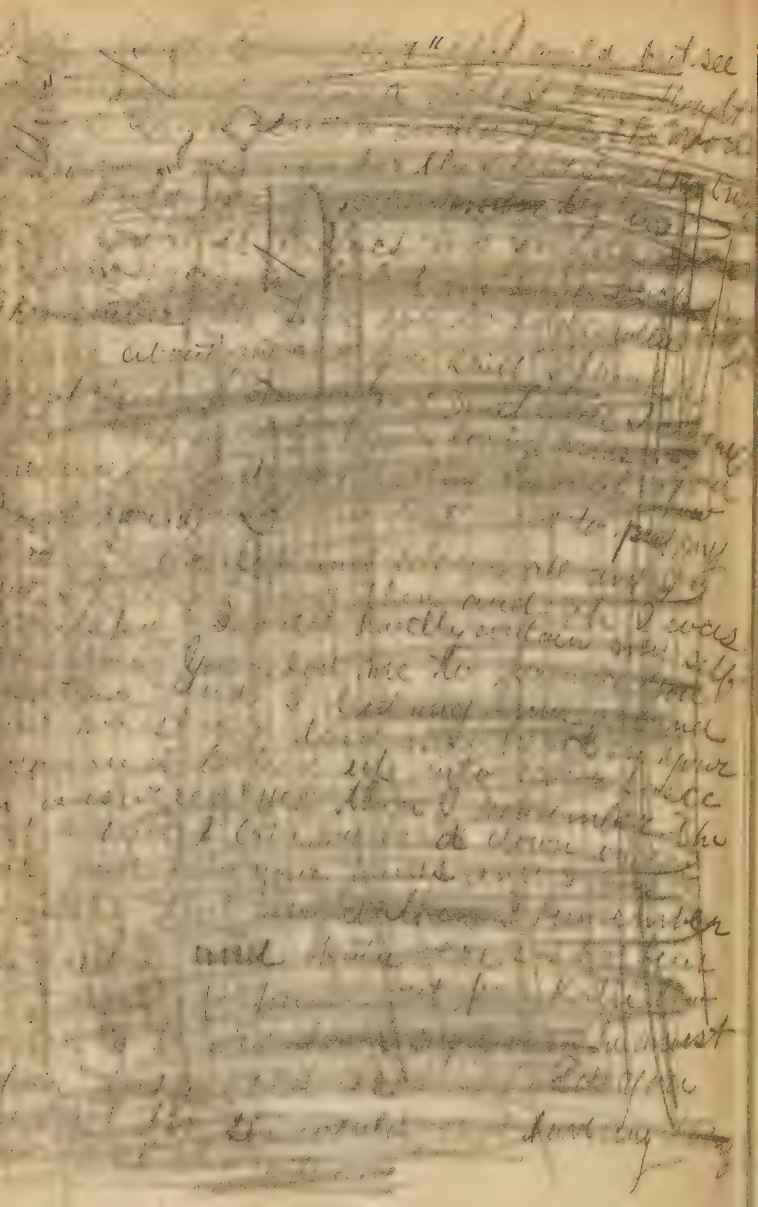

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